JOHN BULL, MAY 2, 1936. Vol. XXXIX. No. 1038.

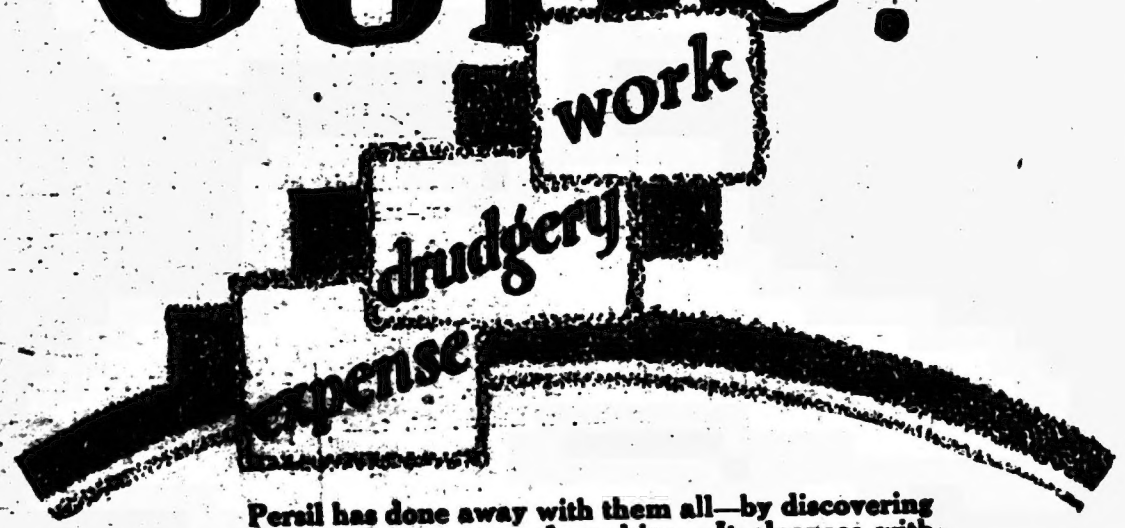
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage in U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1½d.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Gone!



Persil has done away with them all—by discovering an entirely new way of washing. It cleanses with oxygen set free in the washing water. Boil for thirty minutes—that's all.

Don't confuse Persil with either ordinary soaps or soap powders. It is neither. Persil is the modern washing compound. Persil is harmless to clothes and hands—saves wear on clothes, removes stains, and keeps hands white and soft. It has germ-destroying properties, too.

In 3½d & 6d packets

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

OXYGEN
WASHING COMPOUND
Persil
THE MODERN IDEAL WASHER
COLOURS & WOOLLENS MUST NOT BE BOILED
use PERSIL the right way-
Never sprinkle dry Persil on clothes, always mix first. To obtain all the energy stored in each atom of Persil, mix to a thick paste with cold water; then thin down to a milky liquid. Stir the Persil solution into the copper filled with cold water. Now put in clothes and boil for thirty minutes. See instructions on every packet.

A PEER HITS BACK

BY

LORD STRATHSPEY

RHEUMATIC PAINS CONQUERED

Mrs. E. DENNIS, of 5th. Tottenham, London, writes:—

SIRS,—I have for many years suffered with severe Rheumatism. At times the pain was agonising. Sleepless nights began to make me feel really ill, and the pain seemed to increase. I purchased a bottle of Vik-Wik. To my astonishment the pain ceased upon the first application, and I spent a restful night, the first for many weeks.

I can honestly say that Vik-Wik has cured me, when the pounds I have spent upon other preparations had failed.

VIK-WIK ADDS WINGS to YOUR PAINS

It acts like a charm—just a gentle application, NO rubbing—and you can almost feel your pain slipping away. VIK-WIK Conquers Pain—there is no ache or pain proof against its healing curative powers—soothing and cooling, it penetrates immediately—healing the aching and inflamed tissues—giving quick and lasting relief. Remember VIK-WIK needs no rubbing—it neither burns nor blisters, but it Conquers Pain. Get your bottle of the Century-Old-Family-Liniment Now.

Price 1/3 and 3/- (three times the quantity). Stocked by Boot's (600 branches), Taylor's, Timothy White's, Selfridge's, Harrod's and all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, from the VIK-WIK CO., Desk 4, 82, St. Thomas's Street, London, S.E.1.

VIK-WIK
THE FAMILY LINIMENT
CONQUERS PAIN OF

Rheumatism	Neuralgia	Gout
Sciatica	Backache	Nerve Pains
Sore Throat	Bruises	Cramp
Sprains	Sunburn	Lumbago

PSORIASIS
ECZEMA, BAD LEGS

and all other Skin Diseases are being daily cured by Essex Herbal Treatment, when other means have failed even to relieve. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 30 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK and voluntary proof.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11, Essex House, BRADFORD

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

118 more cheques for 'John Bull' Readers

WARRINGTON.—Mr. W. P. LEIGH, 70, Liverpool Road.
HOMERTON.—Mr. A. HUNTLEY, 4, [illegible] Street.
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PENRHIWCEIBER.—Mr. F. J. Hampson, 61, Tony Street.
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"A Heavenly Touch in Practical Form."

"Your gift brings with it a 'heavenly touch in practical form,' and I shall look upon it as a sacred trust to be spent wisely for the benefit of my home, and the children my wife loved so well. No words of mine can give your insurance scheme the praise it fully deserves."

JOHN HART, 131, Garnett Street, Bradford, Yorks.

IRLAM.—Mr. G. THOMAS, 30, Gyfellion Road.
TREHARRIS.—Mrs. M. EDWARDS, 32, Gyfellion Road.
KINGTON, Nr. HEREFORD.—Mr. A. JOHNSON, Ammunition Cottages, Hardy Road.
MOUNTAIN ASH.—Mr. W. WILLIAMS, 3, Henry Street.
SIDLESHAM, WEST SUSSEX.—Mr. W. H. NISBOLS, "The Sea Hut."

BRAMLEY, Nr. ROTHERHAM.—Mr. D. YEOMANS, 32, Westfield Road.

[illegible] Mrs. Annie Dyson, 20, Inchmo a Road.
[illegible].—Mr. C. W. Turner, 182, Willingham Street.
NEWARK-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. A. WARSON, 27, Doncaster Road.
ROWLEY REGIS.—Mrs. Shaker, 16a, Gladde Road.
ROWLEY REGIS.—Mrs. E. Adams, 1, Margaret Terrace, Blackheath.
RAMSBOTTOM.—Mrs. Jane Brown, 3, Bacon Street, Ramsbottom.
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CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. W. T. Clymont, 16, Porter Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. A. Wagstaff, 67, Manchester Road.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. M. Devaney, 63, Rodrick Street.
PENISTONE.—Mr. ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. O. Penistone, 28, Church Road.
PENISTONE.—Mr. ROTHERHAM.—Mr. H. [illegible], 60, Chesterfield Street.
[illegible].—Miss E. Shackenville, 13, Thomas Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. Whippleman, 30, Broadfield Road, South Yorks.
ASHINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Mr. C. W. [illegible], 19, Church Row.
WOOD GREEN.—Mrs. G. E. GARRATT, 73, Salisbury Road, East Park.

GRIMSBY.—Mrs. E. Proctor, Scartho.
LONDON, S.W.1.—Mrs. J. C. FORD, 43, Cleveland Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. F. GOODRIDGE, 3, Lynton Avenue, Cadishead.
[illegible].—Mrs. E. BRACKNORY, 122, James Street.
BURY.—Mrs. G. BARDEN, 223, Bury Road, Tottington.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. SCRIMSHAW, 129, Woodland Street, Walkley.
THURNSCOE, Nr. ROTHERHAM.—Mr. J. W. Rowley, 24, Doncaster Crescent.
WALSALL.—Mrs. A. GREEN, 97, William Street North.
WORTLEY.—Mrs. A. SOUTH, 341, Glasgow Road.
HAMPTON.—Mrs. E. A. EVERY, 4, Somerset Place, Alfred Street.
PENISTONE.—Mrs. E. HICKSON, 59, Campbell Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Many names unavoidably omitted owing to lack of space.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.) ..... Age .....

Address .....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Fill in above. Don't post coupon if certificate is filled out the full benefits and conditions and [illegible] certificate obligations of JOHN BULL cannot attend to [illegible] is received.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 1/5/26.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS SIGNED TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 1/5/26.

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted until in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Safety Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 14-Carat Gold Nib. Additional Coupons in any number up to five may be used. Any Inland reader in receipt of "John Bull" may send in coupons and will be accepted in part payment. Those not now send all Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Postage 6d. extra. Those abroad send 7/6. Orders should be made payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Cash This Coupon

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Gold Nib, in Gun Metal Finish 10/-
5/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with safety, match 1/6
TOTAL VALUE 11/6
You send this Coupon and p.o. for 4/6 (postage and insurance) 4/6
YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Your Name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

Pocket a Shilling and get a 2/6 FOUNTAIN PENCIL FREE

Written 2 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

John Ruskin

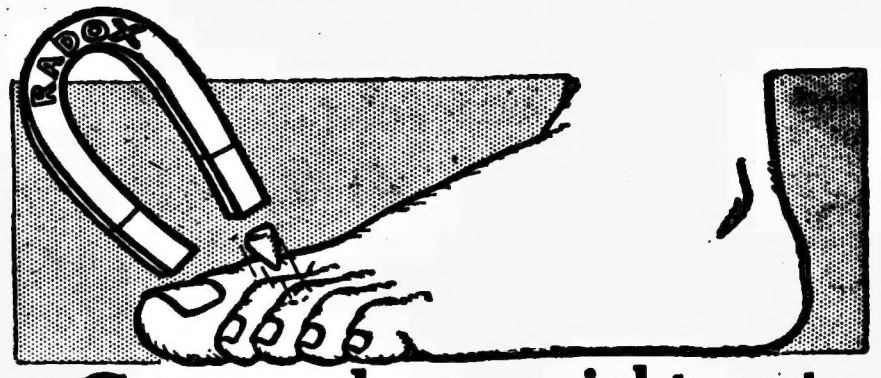
said:

"TWENTY people can gain money for one who can use it, and the vital question for the individual and for the nation is never—*How much do they make?* but *To what purpose do they spend?*"

Wise spending makes possible wise saving and wise investment. The best investment for small savings is National Savings Certificates.

You can buy Savings Certificates in single documents representing 1, 5, 10, 25 and 50 Certificates, costing 16/-, £4, £8, £20 and £40 respectively. There is a profit of 50% on Savings Certificates held for the full period of ten years, or Certificates can be cashed at any time with all interest accrued to date. Savings Associations, Post Offices and Banks sell them.

Savings CERTIFICATES



Corns drawn right out

Half measures are no good for corn curing. Cutting and plastering afford only temporary relief. You must get rid of the root if you want to be free of the trouble. Radox Salts do that easily, painlessly, and quickly. Simply take a Radox Footbath—that's all. No cutting—no danger of caustics. Radox Salts so soften the corn that you are able to lift it right out, root and all. Read how Radox Salts acted in this case.

"I have tried your Radox Bath Salts which I have often seen advertised in the newspapers. I thought of trying them when I was about crippled with corns, and, to my surprise, I found that your Radox Bath Salts drew out a few corns, which made me in agony. Nothing else did me any good, and I am now pleased to say I can get about with ease. E.B."

Feb. 9th, 1926.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates by test more oxygen than any other Salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient than any other Salts in removing corns.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. **1/6** *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

Send TO-DAY for a FREE Copy of this bicycle catalogue—

It will save you POUNDS

2/6 Down
Ensures Delivery

THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO PAY TILL YOU HAVE RIDDEN THE BIKE A MONTH.

Here is a splendid chance for you to secure the biggest bicycle bargain ever offered on exceptionally easy payment terms. Don't let this golden opportunity pass. Write TO-DAY for exquisitely coloured illustrations and detailed specifications and note for yourself how luxurious is the equipment of these strongly built, silent-running beautifully finished No. 400A Mead "Marvel" models.

Also ask for our monster size art catalogue of other high-grade bicycles, any of which you can buy DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY on low cash or credit terms at POUNDS BELOW SHOP PRICES. We pack every machine free, pay carriage, send the bicycle on 15 DAYS' FREE RIDING TRIAL, and refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

Remember—for 39 years Mead cycles have been world-famed for excellence and have carried to victory many of the most celebrated racing champions.

Recently a 7 year-old Mead beat 630 up-to-date machines, and broke the world's record.

All this is explained in our new season's cycle catalogue. So send for a free copy NOW.

Mead

Cycle Company, Inc. (Dept. B 995), Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

A 14 DAYS SALE

£100,000 worth of BARGAINS!

The GREATEST SALE SENSATION of the CENTURY

Open Each Day (including Saturdays) from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

to celebrate the first Anniversary of the Opening of our Strand Store, we are offering £100,000 worth of Stock, all at BARGAIN PRICES.

X Last Seven Days of Curzon's Great Sale. X

Don't delay, but call or post your order immed'ately.
Thousands of "JOHN BULL" readers have ordered by post during the past few days.
If you have not yet posted your order—here is your last opportunity—to get your pick of New Season's Goods at one-third to one-half the usual prices.
Every article is guaranteed sound and perfect, and here is an unusual opportunity of purchasing your Spring, Summer, or All-the-Year-Round Outfit at real Bargain Prices. Those who are unable to call can order by post and share in the bargains. All post orders are dealt with by a specially trained staff, who give careful attention to every order and despatch the goods without delay.

YOU TAKE NO RISK IN ORDERING BY POST, FOR IF YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

EVERY BARGAIN WORTH A JOURNEY

7,000 PYJAMAS

Absolutely the world's finest value in Wincyette Pyjamas. Made from high-grade, sound, reliable material. Equal in value to Pyjamas which are sold elsewhere at 7/11 and 9/11. These Pyjamas are well cut and strongly made, and roomy and comfortable in wear, and not skimped in any way. Colours are guaranteed absolutely fast, as they are not simply printed on, but actually woven into the cloth. The Coats are nicely finished with pearl buttons and breast pocket. In Blue, Helio and Pink in block and fancy stripes on White ground. Postage 6d. extra. Or 2 Suits post paid for 10/6. **5/-** per Suit.

4,250 PYJAMAS.
Summer weight Taffeta Pyjamas. These are ideal garments for those who prefer light-weight summer wear. They are made from fine quality Taffeta, which has wonderful wearing qualities. Cream grounds with smart fancy stripes of Blue, Helio, Brown, and Gold. Guaranteed fast colours. Regular value 12/6. Sale price per Suit, Postage 6d.
2 Suits post paid for 12/-. **6/6**

DE LUXE PYJAMAS SILKY FINISH.
Made from the finest quality finely woven mercerised material that looks like silk but is far more durable. Nice medium all-the-year-round weight, not too light and not too heavy. Smart designs on White grounds, with Blue, Helio and Pink block stripes. These Pyjamas are equal in value to those sold elsewhere at a guinea, and they are really high-class goods and guaranteed fast colour. Sale Price per suit. Postage 6d. extra.
2 Suits carriage paid 21/-. **10/6**

AMAZING BARGAINS IN SHIRTS

20,000 MEN'S TUNIC SHIRTS

A man's Shirt at 2/11 sounds ridiculous — but when you see the quality, you will agree that we are practically giving them away at this price. These Shirts are made from good standard quality prints, full size — no skimping — double stitched, gusseted and strongly made in every way. Every Shirt guaranteed fast colour, and made with double cuffs and white neckbands. All warranted new goods, and in neat patterns, White grounds with Blue, Black and Helio stripes. All sizes from 13½ to 17. Postage: 1 or 2 Shirts, 6d.; 3 or 4 Shirts, 9d. **2/11**

8,200 MEN'S SUMMER TAFFETA SHIRTS

These Shirts are made from a fine quality Taffeta cloth, that will give great satisfaction in wear. Every shirt smartly cut, full size, and guaranteed absolutely fast colour. These are ideal Spring and Summer shirts. Many of these shirts have collars to match, and these will be included free.
In neat but smart fancy stripes of Blue, Black, Helio, Gold, etc., on Cream grounds.
All sizes 13½ to 16½. Every shirt honestly worth 7/6, Curzon's Bargain Price, 4/7 each.
5 Shirts post paid for 23/-. Post 6d. **4/7**

6,120 FAMOUS "HEVICORD" SHIRTS

The exact shirt of which immense quantities are sold all the year round. Sold elsewhere at 8/11 or 9/11. We guarantee the shirts we are offering at the ridiculous price of 6/3 to be identical in every respect as to quality, cut, make, fullness, etc. A wonderful standard shirt, as the strength is at the vital points, between the cords, thus guaranteed not to split. Colours absolutely guaranteed fast, and they wash and launder again and again and come up as good as new. White or Cream grounds with neat and smart stripes of Black, Blue, Mauve, Brown, or Fancy. Absolutely as good a shirt as the most critical man can wish to have. All sizes 13½ to 17. Post 6d. **6/3**
4 Shirts carriage paid for 23/-.

7,200 of our FAMOUS FLANNEL FINISH SHIRTS
(The All-the-Year-Round Shirt.)

Our standard quality Shirt of which we have sold thousands of dozens. Many men like a flannel finish shirt to wear all the year round, and here is a nice shirt for every day of the year. Nice medium weight. Well cut and finished. Fast colours. Guaranteed to wash and wear well. Full size, strongly made. White grounds with smart Block, Blue, Helio or Fancy stripes. All sizes 13½ to 17. Worth 6/11, but for Sale Price 4/5 each.
4 Shirts, post paid for 18/- Postage: 1 or 2 Shirts, 6d. **4/5**

UNDERWEAR ASTOUNDING VALUES!

MEN'S NATURAL UNDERWEAR
A wonderful offer in natural, soft, wool finish, sanitary underwear, medium weight, suitable for all-the-year-round wear. Beautiful soft finish and guaranteed unshrinkable. Vests (long or short sleeves) or Pants (to ankle). 6 Garments 20/-, Carriage paid. Outsize (46 ins.), 7d. each extra. (Postage 6d.) SALE PRICE **3/4½**

MEN'S WHITE INDIA GAUZE UNDERWEAR.
Cool, soft and silky. Wonderful value.

	SHIRTS	KNICKER DRAWERS	PANTS
Sale Price	2/6	2/11	3/3

Postage of per Garment. 6 Garments sent carr. paid. Outsize (46 ins.), 7d. each extra.

MEN'S BALBRIGGAN SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

An opportunity of buying your Summer Underwear at a wonderful bargain price. Light summer-weight garments and just what is wanted for warm summer days. All made in Cream shade and will wash and wear well.

	SHIRTS (short sleeves)	KNICKER DRAWERS	PANTS (to ankle)
Sale Price	1/6	1/6	1/11

Postage 6d. per Garment. 6 Garments sent carr. paid
Please note this line is in Ring's shop only.

TENNIS SHIRTS.

Cream Twill Flannel, with collar attached. Can be worn buttoned or open neck style. Full cut and strongly made from soft, unshrinkable materials. Outside breast pocket and pearl buttons. Wonderful value. All sizes 13½ to 17. Post 6d. Each **4/7**
2 shirts post paid for 9/6
All sizes, 12½ to 19.

LUVISCA COLLARS.

A large stock of the famous genuine "Luvisca" faced Collars, as illustrated, at unheard-of prices. All sizes in White or assorted Stripes. As generally sold at 1/- old. each.
For dozen, Sale Price. **5/6**
Half-dozen 3/-, post 3d. (Postage 6d.)

SPECIAL SALE BARGAIN OF 2,000 OF THE FAMOUS

'CEBEDENE' TRENCH COATS

(Registered and Fully Protected.)

Outer Cebedene Texture, Detachable Fleecy Lining, Checked Rubber Interlining.

This is the Coat for ALL WEATHERS, but especially a Coat for the Spring and Summer. When you buy a Raincoat, you want one that you can rely upon to keep out the wet. But the "Cebedene" Coat is more than a rain-resister. It is also a protection against chilly weather, the cold and damp, because each Coat has a Detachable Wool Lining buttoned on inside the Coat. In either Navy Blue or Fawn colours in all sizes. When ordering by post state your height and chest measure (taken over waistcoat) and any colour desired, and add 1/- per coat for postage. The "Cebedene" Coat is sold under the following well-known life-long guarantee. If any "Cebedene" lets in the slightest drop of rain—even if you have had it one year or more—you need only send it back to us intact and we will give you another Coat FREE OF CHARGE. Every Coat bears the "Cebedene" label without which no garment is genuine.

FOR MEN

For this Sale, the price is much reduced.

23/6

Postage 1/- extra. In Navy or Fawn.

FOR BOYS

For this Sale, the price is much reduced. 19/6, postage 1/- extra. In Navy or Fawn.

19/6

BOYS' & GIRLS' D.B. TRENCH COATS

Every Coat guaranteed 12 months. Rubber lined. Lengths 24 inches to 42 inches. Guaranteed absolutely waterproof. Every seam sewn and covered. No such value has ever been seen before. Would be cheap at a guinea. In Navy Blue or Fawn.

Sale Price **10/6**

(44 and 45 inches, 11/6) Post 1/- State length or height, and add 1/- for postage. 2 Coats for 20/-, carriage paid. 2 Coats, 45 inches, for 22/-, carriage paid.

1,800 MEN'S MACS

Fawn or Navy Blue. Double breasted style, with belt, as illustrated. Full length Coat, lined rubber. Not only showerproof, but stormproof. Tens of thousands were sold last year at £1 1s. 0d. each.

The Sale price is **13/6**

(Post 9d extra.) 2 Coats carriage paid for 25/-.

FANCY CASHMERE SOCKS

An immense assortment of smart, fancy socks, in Black, Grey, Fawn, Champagne, Putty, Coating and other shades, with various fancy contrast designs and colourings. All perfect and regular 2/6 and 2/11 qualities.

Sale Price, pair (3 pairs post paid for 6/6. **2/2**

Post 2d. pair.

"WARRANTO" GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS

"Warranto" is a registered cloth made specially for us, and is guaranteed for wear for 6 months, under our guarantee to replace (FREE OF CHARGE) any Trousers not proving satisfactory in ordinary wear within 6 months of purchase. Well cut, splendidly finished, with pleat at waist to retain the crease down the front, hip pocket, strong at side, and permanent turn-ups. Well worth 25/-. The special price, however, is only **12/11**

(Post 9d.)

15,000 PAIRS FLANNEL TROUSERS

Made from really good quality English Flannel—every pair specially selected and tested. Nothing cheap about them except the price. Don't think about the price, otherwise you will say the offer is incredible. Smartly cut and well made from nice medium grey shade flannel, with loop for belt buckle and strap at sides and permanent turn up bottoms. They would be cheap at half a guinea or even 12/6.

The Sale Price is Post 6d. **5/11**

All sizes in stock from 30 to 42 inch waist 2 pairs post paid for 12/-.

When ordering by post, give waist and inside leg measure.

A FREE JOURNEY TO THE STRAND. So great is the saving to be effected on every article offered that you will more than save the cost of your journey even though you come a distance of 40 or 50 miles from London.

GREAT FREE GIFT OFFER!

For the man who wants the BEST there is the "SUPERDENE" COAT, and every buyer of one can select any sale goods from this advertisement to the value of £1, FREE OF CHARGE. This is to advertise and introduce the famous Gabardine Wool Union Rainproof "Superdene" Coat. The ordinary Rainproof is made entirely of cotton-proofed material—many of them looking very coarse and common. The "Superdene" Raincoat is made from Wool Union Gabardine, with a smart check lining.

It is a dressy Coat, and any gentleman can wear it with pride. The cloth is proofed by the famous CRAVENETTE process, and bears the label inside. No rubber whatever, yet the Coat is thoroughly porous and rainproof. The regular price of this coat is 55/-, at which price we are selling it for this Sale, but with every coat ordered you can have

£1 WORTH

of any Sale Goods in this advertisement

Free of Charge.

—carriage paid. Make your own selection of goods. Give height and chest measure, state colour required and whether you prefer, single-breasted or double-breasted style. 66/-

Colours Navy, Blue or Fawn... ... ...

By post 1/- extra. **55/-**

WE WANT ALL WHO CAN POSSIBLY COME, TO DO SO.

But if you are unable to, you will share in the great shopping Bargain Festival by sending your ORDER BY POST.

Special arrangements have been made for all post orders to be despatched quickly. Money willingly refunded in full if goods on delivery not approved.

5,000 SPORTS COATS.

The offer that beats all records. New Season's materials, made up into Men's Sports Coats. Made from Superior quality Yorkshire Wool Tweeds. This Coat is a sensible and serviceable garment for indoor or outdoor ordinary wear, and for Sports and Seaside wear. In various shades of medium and dark grey, fawns, browns, and heather mixtures. All sizes from 32 to 42 inch chest. Would be cheap at a guinea, but the Sale Price is **10/9**

(2 Coats, post paid, for 21/6.) Postage 9d.

When ordering by post state your height and chest measure.

BLACK VICUNA JACKET AND VEST.

Smartly cut with two buttons and outside breast pocket, from a reliable cloth which will give every satisfaction in wear. No gentleman's outfit is complete without a black jacket and vest, which, with striped trousers, is always correct, for business, office, Sunday or formal wear. Made in sizes from 34 in. to 42 in. chest.

Price **28/6**

(Postage 9d.)

If ordered with our 11/9 silk stripe trousers (postage 6d.) the jacket and vest and trousers will be sent post paid for 39/-, making a most wonderful suit for the money. When ordering, give chest measures taken over vest, and state your height.

THE "CITY" PURE SILK STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS.

Made of a good wearing cloth, in beautiful designs in black and white stripes, and dark grey stripes of pure silk. Really a 21/- line, and an exceptional bargain. Sizes from 30 to 42 inches waist, in various lengths of leg. Made with hip pocket, back strap and buckle, with permanent turn-ups.

(postage 6d.). 2 pairs 23/6, carriage paid. Please give measures round waist and length of inside leg. **11/9**

Wonderful Value in MADE-TO-MEASURE SUITS

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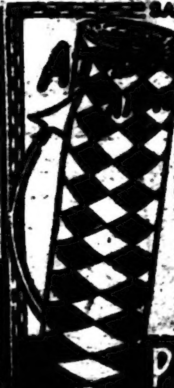

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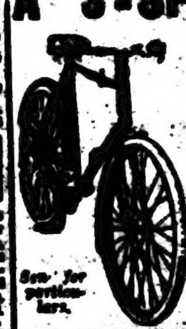

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(Continued from page 48)

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W. Chant, 15, Greenfield Street, Maesteg, Bridgend.
Mrs. C. Chapman, 1, Randolph Street, Nottingham.
H. Collishaw, 8, Hermitage Road, Whitwick, Leics.
J. K. Collins, 25, Kitchener Road, Ipswich.
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J. Cumpstey, [illegible], Garstang Road, Fulwood.
H. J. Dalley, 17, Grosvenor Place, Bourdon Street, W.
F. H. Davies, 63, First Avenue, Manor Park, E.
P. Dennis, 134, Topsham Road, Tooting, S.W.
M. Dixon, Friday Street, Abinger Common, Dorking.
Mrs. C. M. Downs, 13, Furness Road, Harlesden, N.W.
F. Field, 1, Devonshire Villas, Plymouth.
M. Fletcher, 2, Hayburn Crescent, Partick, Glasgow.
B. Fox, 21, Polemarch St., Dawdon, Seaham Harbour.
N. Gardner, 2, Skinnery Yard, Blaydon-on-Tyne.
H. Garner, 1, Dysart Buildings, Nantwich, Cheshire.
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Mrs. Graydon, Refreshment Room, Felixstowe East.
Mrs. J. Greaves, 502, Stratford Road, Sparkhill.
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W. J. Hales, 1, Irving Terrace, [illegible], Rochester.
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WALLPAPERS Direct.—135 Patts. From 2d. roll. Free sample book.—St. Andrew's Wallpaper Co., Dept. 211, St. Andrew's Sq., Glasgow.

INDIGO Botany Serges, 13-oz. 11/3, 22-oz. 13/-, 24-oz. 14/-. Fancy Whipcord Suitings, 13/-, 15/9. Patts. free.—Hainsworth and Bramhall, Farsley, Leeds.

THE World-famous "Mattamac" Featherweight Stormproof coats only 29/6. Weighing only 19 ounces, it can easily be carried in the pocket. Send a postcard for booklet and colour patterns, mentioning Department 29b. See large advert. on page 29.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 27/6, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 180, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 95, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Gramophones, Jazz Outfits, Banjos, Accordions, Ukuleles. List free.—Palmers, 155, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

WE offer unbeatable value in Gramophones. Reliable British makes. Lists free.—Dawsons, Main Street, Crosshills, Yorkshire.

WIRELESS.

L.F. TRANSFORMERS, Croix, Ratio 5 to 1. Guaranteed. Special price 4/6. Sent C.O.D. Send no money.—Clydesdale, Bridge Street, Glasgow.

IF you have a Loud-Speaker, read about the new Kalvetown Cord on page 6.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write Secretary, Police Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

MASSAGE as a Profession.—The Smae Institute offers tuition at most economical fees. Intelligent men and women are here offered access to the highest ranks of the profession, as the instruction covers all modern manipulative methods.—Write for details, 47, Smae Institute, Portsmouth.

THE LATEST HOBBY.—Painting without brushes. For pleasure and profit. A real Novelty. All can do it. Send for free illustrated leaflet.—Mitchell and Co., 23, Upper Park Place, London, N.W.1.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 90/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

GARDENING.

GARDEN NETS.

Protect your Seeds and Buds from frost and birds. Netting, strong, small mesh, specially prepared, will not rot. 25 sq. yds. for 3/6. Any length or width supplied, price in proportion. Carr paid. Cheaper kinds kept. 25 sq. yds. for 1/6. Lists and samples Free.—GAMSON & SONS, Net Works, Eye.

GARDEN HOSE.—50 ft. lengths, complete with fittings, from 17/6. Biggest bargains ever offered. Finest quality guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfied. Write for New Price List of amazing bargains, post free from BENSON'S Rubber Stores, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No nasties, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

RUPTURE.—Free Trial wonderful new scientific treatment. Instant relief. Stops Truss torture. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, no need for restraint. Call or write now for booklet "A" and full particulars.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 36, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street. Works: Pasay, Paris.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Partics. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES.—To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Firbright Road, Southfields, London.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (38), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy. 3/- bot., at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 38), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

WITHIN EIGHT DAYS we can make new hair grow in its natural colour. STOP YOUR HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. FAILURE IMPOSSIBLE. 5/- bot., with full partics.—Ateka Co., 87, Old Jewry, London.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL.
See announcement on page 36.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ABSOLUTELY TOP Prices paid for Jewellery, gold, silver, etc. No quantity too small. Post or call.—Beprona, 315, Piccadilly, London.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewelery, Diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

BIG PRICES PAID for Old False Teeth, Platinum, D.A., Dental Gold, Old Gold, Silver. Cash or offer by return.—E. Lewis (Dept. J.B.), Poland House, 167, Oxford St., W.1; also 16, Commercial Road, Bournemouth.

A1 PRICES paid for Old Teeth, Jewellery, Gems, Antiques; Platinum £31 oz. Try us first.—S. J. Dembo, 169/173, Regent St., W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about herbs and how to use them, 3d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, green-fly, and all other insects. Get it from your chemist. — "SECTO," The Sure Killer.

SMOKING more enjoyable, healthy and economical. KARAH, Finest Herbal and Smoking Mixture, Cigarettes. No nicotine. Not injurious health. Mixture, 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/9, 16 oz. 5/4. Cigarettes, 20 bd., Box-de-Luxe, 50 1/9, 100 3/5. Post fr.—Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford.

PLAYING WITH FASHION.—A summer-time Warning to Girls By T. Bowen Partington, the famous Public Health Lecturer. See this week's "Health and Strength." 2d., all newsagents, or 4d. post free from J. Burt, 34, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

SNOWFLAKE makes delicious ices. "Carter" Freezer, cheapest and best. Write for free book. Carter and Sons, Dept. No. A., Sheffield.

FISH LURE.—Fish bite like wolves. Bottles 2/4. Tackle and nets all kinds. Catalogue free.—Young (J.), Misterton, Somerset.

BAD LEGS

View of NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, GT. CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER. The only Institution in the world founded and solely devoted to the cure of Bad Legs.

A treatment which permanently cures bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it you are cured without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse and you are cured to stay cured for all time. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

The worst and most hopeless of cases are cured by Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed to cure, Tremol cures. Seize your opportunity and get cured now.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Lost Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CURES BAD LEGS IN YOUR HOME
CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT RESTING
CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK
CURES BAD LEGS WITH CERTAINTY
CURES BAD LEGS TO REMAIN CURED

A large illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, is sent free of all charge, and a legal guarantee to cure is sent with each book. This publication teems with sound advice and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS.—You can cure yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, describing your case, and THE BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE.

National College of Health Ltd.

FREE COUPON

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, (Ward B.L.),
Gt. Clowes St., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send me your valuable book and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.)

Address .....

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State Complaint .....

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VICTORIA CYCLE AND CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. P. 52.)
11, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

YOUR CHOICE ON FREE APPROVAL

No. 1

No. 2

Any article ordered will be sent to reputable readers of the Press, carriage paid, for only 1/- MORE than CASH PRICE. After receipt of goods, if not satisfied, return within 7 days and we refund 1/- and pay carriage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Any article may be returned within 7 days and we refund 1/- and pay carriage. Only one article sent on approval to one address. We reserve the right to refuse any orders. Sale and Hire agreements sent with goods.

HOW TO SEND REMITTANCES.

No. 1.—Heavy Solid Silver Hunter, full jewelled Lever Movement, with Dust-proof Cap, Stem Wind and Set, Handsome Engine-turned back and cap over movement, Unbreakable non-magnetic compensated Lever movement. Dead accurate time-keeper. Both cases alike. For steel heads. Illustrated Cat. Free. Sent on approval 10 years. Send on Free Approval. After receipt send 2/-; 2/- balance every month. Or if preferred, send 2/- only in full. 2/- in the £ discount cash with order for balance within 7 days.

No. 2.—Ladies' Solid Silver Hunter, full jewelled Lever Watch, fitted with Dust-proof Cap, Stem Wind and Set, Handsome engine-turned back and cap over movement, Solid dust proof heads and enamel heads to Illustrated. Unbreakable non-magnetic compensated, full jewelled lever movement, reliable time-keeper, Solid dust proof heads and enamel heads to Illustrated. Unbreakable 10 years. Sent on Free approval. After receipt of the watch, if satisfied, the balance is payable 2/- per month and 2/- monthly until £2/2/- is paid. 2/- in the £ discount, cash with order for balance within 7 days.

No. 3

No. 3.—Ladies' Fashionable Solid Silver Hunter Dust-proof Wrist Watches, with beautifully Engraved cover case, in modern guilty design. Latest Wrist Style. Complete with expanding Bracelet to Illustrated. Highest Grade Lever movement, absolutely dependable, fully jewelled. Sent on Free Approval. After receipt send 2/- and 2/- monthly until £2/2/- is paid. 2/- in the £ discount, cash with order for balance within 7 days.

No. 4

REAL LEATHER STAMPED LIZARD

No. 4.—Very Fashionable, Richly Finished, Real Leather Stamped Lizard Handbag, complete with handy purse, mirror and writing tablet with pencil, lined Velvet and Moiré. Can be carried on any occasion. Hand quality and recommended throughout. Sent on Free Approval. After receipt send 2/-, and 2/- per month until £2/- only is paid. 2/- in the £ discount, cash with order for balance within 7 days.

COUPON (Cut out or Copy)

To SIMPSON'S (Brighton), Ltd. (Dept. 1276) 94, Queen's Rd., BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

Dear Sirs, Please send me:—
(Article required)
on approval. If satisfied, I undertake to send 2/- on receipt and pay the monthly instalments in accordance with your terms, otherwise I will return the goods at once.

Name in full .....

Address in full .....

Signature (Yes or No) ..... Age if over (Yes or No) .....

Goods CANNOT be supplied to persons under 21 without a guarantee by a Householder.

Yeast is life!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamines—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 2/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve promptly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received exactly similar letters from satisfied users, in less than two years which are open to inspection.

30619—I do not hesitate to recommend them to my patients and the results are quite wonderful. I am taking them myself and feel years younger than I did a week ago!

30618—Dr. T. V.H.: I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Eleven cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Many were sent to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

30296—Mr. R. S.R.N. C.S., H.M.S.: "By all the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."

30293—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (for name to me), as I want him to take the first week."

30290—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

30333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tim. 104 brought to normal in 36 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

31304—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

30337—I have suffered for years with neuralgia, asthma and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

30333—For 18 years I have suffered dreadfully with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work, and never felt better.

30746—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

31302—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel a new girl. Thanks.

30338—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always keep them in my home.

30332—I was extremely irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Many friends who, like all the public, know how much good they have done me.

30330—Matron K. C.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain simply drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite changed the pain in less than no minutes! They are positively wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!

Beware of imitations. Avoid cheap substitutes which have no therapeutic value and are unprincipled. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free booklet on Insomnia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been successfully so-tested and recommended—in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken as supplied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of disputes the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using NOTALMO.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of NOTALMO may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to

JOHN HARE BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (92 H.P.), London, W. 1.

SENDING 4,000 MILES FOR A BARGAIN

by the advertisement Manager, JOHN BULL.

A READER of this paper living in Lloydminster, a town of about one thousand inhabitants, in North West Territory, Canada, sent for an article advertised in JOHN BULL'S "Mail Order Market." The tiny map below illustrates the distance between Lloydminster and London, which, as the crow flies, is over 4,000 miles.

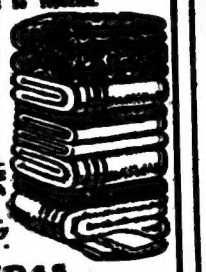
It was VALUE which spurred this reader to action, who evidently thought his "Bargain" well worth waiting for.

Does this not suggest that you, too, should read the money-saving offers in "The Mail Order Market" week by week? Turn to pages 4 to 8, and don't miss the interesting offers in other pages. The Guarantee on page 9 is your safeguard.

—END OF SEASON OFFER—

40/- Cash Paid TO CLEAR

Send only this Master Bedding Bargain. Stock sold in the ordinary way. Will not be repeated.



FREE GIFT of ... (any kind) if full cash sent with order.

Satisfaction or money refunded. This bulk can be purchased by any instalments. Send for list.

L. & C. MOSS,
Bgn. 4.B., Queen Street, Pall Mall, Manchester.

Delivered to Your Door for 2/-

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FREE TRIAL
without obligation to buy

JUNO CYCLES ARE
BRITISH THROUGHOUT
and sent straight to you
DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY

NO WAITING

WONDERFUL EASY TERMS

Superb Quality and Easy Running

GUARANTEED FOR EVER

Models to suit every Rider

DON'T DELAY, Write for
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and make your choice, or call and inspect our Models

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AN EVER INCREASING POPULARITY FOUNDED ON QUALITY

The foundation's right, REAL quality, and THEY NEVER VARY!

CRAVEN "A"

THE CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTE OF THIS GENERATION

20 for 1/-

Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats by Carreras Ltd. 138 Years Reputation for Quality

Week ending Saturday
May 1, 1926. Twopence
Vol. XXXIX. No 1,001

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

10, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.
Telephone: Gerrard 4760
Telegrams: Hamsterley, London.

On Other Pages—

A Hale of Hemp, by the Very Rev. Canon Donaldson .... p. 22
A Crush Unmasked ... ... p. 14
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A Queer Unionhood ... ... p. 19
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The Poisoned Milk-Jug ... ... p. 28
Winston's Wily Wriggle ... ... p. 21

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

On the Spot.

The obstinacy of the coal-owners has been a menace to public safety. That's the unpleasant truth, and it is to Mr. Baldwin's credit that he was not afraid to tell them so.

The Willing Horse.

The coal crisis would never have arisen had all leaders shown themselves as wholly alive to their heavy responsibilities as Mr. Baldwin. As it is, in addition to his legitimate efforts, he's had a big dead weight to pull.

The One Fit Prop.

In the coal tangle the big fact all sides have to realise is that to restore mines and miners to prosperity a long pull and a strong pull are not enough. Nothing can do it but a pull all together towards complete reorganisation, and a realisation that the miners cannot be expected to pay for the owners' mistakes.

Quite So!

"It all boils down to a question of wages," sneers the supercilious critic with reference to the coal crisis. We agree; merely pausing to draw attention to the fact that some of the wages vitally concerned are of the unearned variety, known as royalties and dividends.

Next, Please!

Coal, engineering—and then what? Take it from us, the next industrial agitation of magnitude will come from the building industry, owing to the suggested differential rates of wages. And the time for the Government to act is right now!

Not Unusual.

It is said that Mr. Churchill may ask that this shall be his last Budget. He isn't the first statesman to make a thorough mess and leave it for others to clear up.

Winston's Failure.

The scandal of Churchill's second Budget is the abandonment of real economy. Neither households nor industry can tolerate a Budget stabilised at £800,000,000. The "axe" has never been near the root. Other hands must grip it.

Right Road and Wrong.

Public expenditure needs drastic reduction, yet land, health and education cry for more money lest the people perish. Ingenuity in new taxes is simply mischievous. Wiser spending is the only path to economy.

Advertising War.

We decline to believe there is a national demand for military spectacle, and are glad, therefore, that the Government has set its face against the proposal to hold an Empire tattoo in London. The world outlook is too serious for the inculcation of militarism.

The Ghost Behind Baldwin.

Many of the younger Tories are looking for a new leader. They crave something more brilliant than the perpetual smoking of Baldwin's peace-pipe. Happily for the Premier, the Conservative benches as yet show no sign of new genius.

A Sanguine Fisherman.

The "Economy" Bill fight showed Lloyd George assiduously angling for Labour popularity. His gift for pungent attack enables him easily to outshine Ramsay MacDonald in debate. And L. G. is an irrepressible hoper!

Futile Fears.

Russia's suggestion that by joining the League of Nations, Germany would turn it into a militant anti-Russian organisation is nonsense. The League is not out for war, even with the Soviet; and in their hearts none know this better than the mischief-makers of Moscow.

Land "Values."

Five years ago 11¼ acres of land at Green Lanes, Harringay, sold for £4,000, and subsequently changed hands at £16,000. Now the lessee of three-quarters of an acre let as a street market offers £27,000 to buy the scrap outright!

Tom Tiddler's Ground.

The land ramp is a very pretty ramp—for the landlords. Tenants and occupiers, who provide the golden harvest, are still waiting for salvation. So far, no political party has been big enough to tackle the problem.

Land Hunger.

Each year finds the land question growing steadily worse. Like a neglected disease it is killing the patient. National prosperity and enterprise are throttled in a land-locked country.

Where We Shine.

The trade exhibition held in London of British artificial silks shows skill in that line on the upgrade. New works are opening, and if foreign markets are secured trade should boom.

Enterprise Would Pay.

For every £1,000,000 expended by the Government on telephone extension one thousand people are constantly employed. Money spent in developing business pays better interest than the "dole." We want more of it.

£2,000!
"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE
Be first or last if you want the colossal prize.
CLOSES THURSDAY, MAY 6th. See p. 42.

Down, but Not Enough.

In one month to April 1 retail prices of food, rent, clothing, fuel and light had dropped 4 per cent. But they're still 68 per cent. above pre-war, and that makes the trouble.

Fuddled Finance.

The mills for whom a paper duty is to be imposed employ 7,000 people. Those employed in industries that will be hit hard run into hundreds of thousands. Bedlam could produce no better bit of political idiocy.

Why Not?

Millions of eggs are consumed in this country for which foreign producers pocket the money. Hen farms pay and pay well across the water. Why not here?

After Us.

"The unemployed question in Canada in the winter is a nightmare to the authorities," says the *Empire News*; "it is hell itself for the unemployed." We've always warned our readers against going out unless they have a place secured in advance.

The Lesson.

If the Canadian fruit brokerage scandal teaches anything, it is the pernicious influence of the gigantic trust. The ruthless suppression of healthy competition can never be beneficial to the community as a whole.

On Toast.

Though eggs are costing them in the open market only three-halfpence apiece, many restaurants are charging sixpence and more for one on toast. We advise customers to refuse to be had on a "bit of toast" by these shameless profiteers.

Sure Proof.

Salford has made a big protest against establishing a birth-control clinic. Camberwell Council is to decide whether or not it will disseminate information on the subject. Two good signs that, at any rate, the idea has reached the stage of practical discussion.

Birth-Control Humbug.

To force the issue on moral grounds is sheer cant. The death-rate of women in childbirth is higher each year than among miners classified as a "dangerous trade." That's the standing indictment against those willing to withhold useful knowledge from the poor.

The Next Generation.

More than 10,000 children in London are suffering from rheumatic heart disease. With such facts in sight the starvation of the Public Health Services is a colossal crime.

From Them That Have Not!

The inmates of the Omagh Workhouse are to have their tobacco supply cut down. Such mean and heartless economies are contemptible, since this adjective would also fitly describe the saving to be effected therefrom.

Cheaper Water.

London water is to be cheaper, the Metropolitan Water Board having last year a surplus of £92,200 from its year's working. Such a profit shows that consumers were overcharged. A vital commodity such as pure water should be purveyed at the minimum covering all working costs.

Charity for Heroes.

In two months the British Legion Relief Fund distributed grants amounting to £32,250. While congratulating them, we contend that the fact that the disbursement was necessary is a national disgrace, and a condemnation of every Government since the war.

Versailles—and After.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby points out that of all the statesmen who signed the Treaty of Versailles only one now holds office. This is not, we think, due to the ingratitude of nations; rather is it the result of the disgust of peoples who have since realised how contemptibly they were tricked.

A Wise Provision.

The proposed provision in the new Transport Bill requiring that every motorist shall be insured is reasonable enough. It should apply to injury to any second party also, since the least a person has a right to expect of one who runs him down is that he shall be in a position to pay legalised damages.

Hate and Housing.

"There are wretched hovels in this land which are not fit to be homes for the human spirit, but which can only fetter and dwarf it," says the Rev. F. W. Norwood, who pleads for a Christian hatred of the slums. If more ministers of religion would let their anger at these evils be seen and heard, the Churches would be held in greater respect.

Sweated Nurses.

The scandal of underpaid and overworked nurses is denounced by Miss R. E. Darbyshire, matron of University College Hospital, whose authority will scarcely be challenged. The fact that, as Miss Darbyshire believes, most girls enter the nursing profession to help their fellow-creatures, is no reason why they should be doomed to day-long drudgery at a starvation wage.

Educational Scandals.

When a mass-meeting of parents a thousand strong can be gathered to protest against the conduct of an education authority there must be something seriously wrong. This is what happened recently at Clacton-on-Sea where, owing to the incompetent arrangements of the local managers, a number of small children have a mile and a half to walk to school. Protest is justified.

Suppressed Names.

A recent case in the Divorce Court relating to the custody of a child appeared in the cause list as "W— v. W—," and was heard privately in chambers, there being no public mention of the parties' names. As might have been expected, these carefully shielded litigants were well known. Such apparent favouritism leaves a most unfavourable impression on the public mind.

"Britons Never——!"

As the result of the visit of Sir Harcourt Butler, the Governor of Burma, to the Hukong Valley, slavery has at last been abolished in the district. Unfortunately, in the remoter parts of the Indian Empire this pernicious custom still exists, and for our credit's sake every effort must be made to end the evil. We must justify our proud boast that slavery cannot exist under the Union Jack.

Safety on Rail.

The advent of the first all-steel train on a British railway is a welcome event. It is claimed for the new coaches that not only are they fireproof, but they will not smash up in the event of collision. As the steel coaches cost no more than wooden ones, there is not even the poorest excuse for neglecting public safety.

Farming Pays.

"Ormaston Jenny," a Friesian cow owned by Mr. J. P. Fletcher, a Yorkshireman, has created a British record, being the first cow to yield 2,000 gallons of milk in one year on four consecutive occasions. Her total yield to date is 13,678 gallons—over sixty-one tons and more than ninety times her own weight. "Jenny" proves that farming pays—when properly conducted with good stock.

Plucky Lad.

The mother he loved was dead, the father to whose care their little family was left had taken to drink, and in that testing time a sixteen-year-old lad named Hornsey, living at Norton (Malton), proved himself a little man. At home and at business, too, he took on his dad's job, and cared for and provided for the motherless and neglected family. So long as Britain has such lads coming along her future is all right.

Waitresses' Wages.

It was in JOHN BULL that attention was first drawn to the wretched wages paid to women in the tea-shop business. Since then the whole question has been investigated by the Ministry of Labour, whose report confirms our worst exposures. As many as 65 per cent. of the waitresses within the scope of the enquiry were found to be receiving less than 25s. weekly. Such conditions are a moral cancer.

The Human Machine

Brain-Pickers

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I HEARD it said of a man the other day that "he was very good at picking other people's brains."

The remark was made as a sneer, as though there was something rather contemptible about such a man.

But what is there contemptible about learning? What is there to be ashamed of in the ability to pick up ideas from other people and turn them to good account?

"'Always a learner' is my motto," said a character in a book I have just been reading; "and so long as you can learn and keep an open mind the game's not up.

"And to learn you've got to listen—remember that. Listen to everybody, for the biggest fool may come out with a bit of sense when you least expect it!"

Isn't that all there is in this so-called "picking of other people's brains"? Isn't it really nothing at all but the ability to listen with an open mind?

IT is one of the misfortunes of the human make-up that a new thought, an original idea, seems to set up an instinctive reaction against it. Mankind has always been singularly unreceptive to new ideas.

We can indulge in no more useful bit of self-discipline than to train ourselves to listen with an open mind, to examine ideas on their merits and learn to distinguish reason from prejudice.

And don't look on anyone as a person from whom you can never learn anything. The man you think least of may be the very man you can get the most help from if you will only listen to him.

Only Chaffinches.

We would like to think that W. Bennett and W. Gregory, of Shoreditch, sinned in ignorance when they were caught snaring birds with lime. However, even an imbecile would realise that to imprison eight of them in a cage three inches high was extreme cruelty, even if the broken legs of two had not testified eloquently to the fact. The fine of 40s. erred by no means on the side of severity.

A Thief's Exploit.

Never having driven a motor-car before, Edgar Watson, an eighteen-year-old Blackpool youth, stole a four-seater from the promenade and drove it to Settle, in Yorkshire, reaching a speed of fifty miles an hour. "Childish for his years" was the police description of the young thief. If he had been a bit younger still we could have suggested a childish remedy which might have had a wholesome effect.

Magistrate's Cruel Remark.

"You are not the first person named Bywaters to occupy the dock here; you must be careful," was the remark of Mr. B. Bailey, chairman of the magistrates at Stratford, to a woman charged with stealing a five-shilling codfish. This coupling of a woman's name with a murderer who has long since paid the penalty of his crime is not only cruel but also in very bad taste. Moreover, it is not calculated to uphold the dignity of the bench.

After Ten Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knight, of Rushden, Northampton, searched for ten years to discover the grave of their son, Oswald, a lieutenant who lost his life in the war. When their hearts were almost sick with hope deferred, his body was traced to a German burial-ground, and now the bones of their beloved dead rest peacefully in a British cemetery in Belgium. Such tender tenacity is infinitely touching, and deserved the solace of success.

Chivalry in Blue.

P.-C. Costin, of Holloway, is a gentleman in blue who well merits the epithet of sportsman. When Alfred William Bunker, of Magdala Road, was sentenced to a month's hard labour for assaulting him, the constable begged that the man might not be sent to prison as he had lost a leg and an eye in the war, and now occasionally lost his head in consequence. It is satisfactory that the magistrate granted the option of a fine; it would have been a sin to ignore so chivalrous a plea.

Sauce for the Goose.

At Wingate, Durham, a captain of the Salvation Army dismissed the bandmaster because he attended a colliery officials' dinner on licensed premises. The licensed victuallers have retaliated by forbidding the army's representatives to enter their premises as heretofore to beg for funds or sell literature. We're sorry for that captain. For once he forgot his Master, Whose purity remained unaffected though he dined even with publicans and sinners.

Room—in the Grave.

At Egham, Charles Pryor and his family lived in one room measuring 13 ft. by 12 ft., and his two little children, a baby of seven months and her sister of three years, died on one day. At the inquest a verdict of "Natural causes" was returned, and better accommodation offered. "There is room now I have lost both my children," said the father sadly, as he turned away. And in that brief sentence lies the epitome of all the tragedy of the housing problem.

The Clue.

In the districts of Swinton and Pendlebury one child in every five admitted to the day schools needs medical treatment, says Dr. H. C. Mulholland, the school medical officer. In view of this grave suggestion an investigation of the conditions under which families have to live should be made. It is the only way to find a clue to the reason why children suffer. The cure is in the hands of the Swinton and Pendlebury health authority.

Planting the Future.

An area larger than the New Forest is being planted with pine, oak, lime, larch and beech trees on the borders of Suffolk and Norfolk, near Thetford, a district of which it was once said that the soil was so poor that you could see two rabbits fighting for one blade of grass. Here, at least, wise work is being done and a future generation will be enriched by the labours of the present.

Making Pigs Pay.

T. C. Whitaker, of Twites, Blackmore, Essex, is a crafty young fellow of twenty-one, who has been criticised previously in these columns. He has just been charged at Derby with obtaining money by false pretences in connection with his pig-dealing activities. Although it was stated that the police had called at his farm on ninety-seven occasions to investigate complaints, he could not be convicted. The chairman said that he had kept "just within the law," but added that Whitaker was "probably the worst young liar he had come across."

A Letter of Thanks.

The other week we told the story of a Mr. M. G. Janes, a wounded ex-Service man, whose case we had taken up with the pension authorities. Mr. Janes has now been paid the full amount of arrears that were due to him, and has written to thank us for our efforts. "No doubt I should never have had justice but for your kind generosity and perseverance," he writes. The same services are open to all our readers, and any queries should be addressed to our Pensions Editor, who will be only too pleased to deal with them.

Pagan Britain.

That thousands of boys and girls in large industrial centres in Yorkshire are growing up almost as pagans is a charge that Canon Stanton Jones does not hesitate to make, and as Archdeacon of Bradford it may be expected that if called upon for supporting evidence he is in a position to table his proof. What he has yet to explain is why Yorkshire contributes so handsomely to keep our missionaries away in foreign countries when there is, apparently, so much work for them to do at home.

A Wise Retort.

The eldership of Partick Highland Free Church, Glasgow, is an honourable office, no doubt, and from it the Kirk Session suspended Mr. Norman Mackenzie, the deputy harbour master on the Clyde, d'ye ken? His job was one that called for Sunday duty, and that made him "a stumbling-block to the wicked" and "brought reproach on the holy office." Mr. Mackenzie is not taking it lying down. "Let the members of the session," says he, "apply the same law to their own lives," and this hits the bull square in the eye.

Meeting her Match.

Mrs. Lilian Palmer, of Canonbury Road, Islington, is not quite smart enough. She was arrested on suspicion of stealing a ring, the property of James Crichton, jeweller, of St. Martin's Court, W.C. Though searched, the jewel was not found upon the woman. At the police station Detective Wakeling was so struck by the anomaly of her prolonged silence that he invited her to open her mouth. Behold the ring! The officer's knowledge of womankind has deprived Mrs. Palmer of four months' liberty.

The Root Cause.

In Bermondsey, one of London's working-class districts, the local drink bill for 1925 reached £1,335,000, being an average expenditure per family of 16s. a week. The council wants to wipe out the blot, urging the Public Health Committee to use every means to call public attention to the excessive drinking as injurious to public health, morals and social well-being. Then it must begin with bad housing, which in nine cases out of every ten causes the whole of the trouble. When men have decent homes and healthful gardens to tend there's little temptation to drink.

Another Shy Bookie.

A Swansea reader has had an unsatisfactory account with a football bookie named J. A. Duncan, of 10, Duke Street, Charing Cross, W.C.2. For a time he lost consistently, but being a true sportsman paid up promptly. On the first occasion when it became the bookie's turn to pay, however, Mr. Duncan maintained a discreet silence, and letters of enquiry have since been returned marked: "Gone away."

Pious William Taverner!

A Parkstone reader writes to say that William Taverner, when pushing his "Quarterly Dividends, Ltd.," and "National House Purchase" scheme, "poses as a saint," attends church and adopts a pious attitude generally. This only stamps him as a bigger humbug than ever. We have constantly exposed his swindling activities in these pages, and we now warn West Country folk not to be taken in by this sanctimonious rascal.

Love and the Mugs.

It is good news that Scotland Yard intends to clean up the "love clubs" which have for their object the effecting of introductions between "lonely" men and women. The friend-finding game is a paying gamble for the promoter, but fraught with terrible risk of robbery and tragedy for the unwary. While Scotland Yard will do its best, the only real safeguard is easy. It lies in the common-sense of women who refuse to be lured by specious advertisements.

Noah's Ark Houses.

The building ramp goes merrily on, and unless the house-hungerer looks before he leaps he is likely to buy a pig in a poke. Dr. H. H. Brand, medical officer for West Surrey, thinks it is a pity that the local authority cannot stop bungalows being erected on wretched sites like one at Thorpe where, in flood time, residents have to take in their livestock to save the animals from drowning. That builders should profit out of erecting dwellings which are a menace to health is a crime.

Twisting Tipsters.

F. Watson, of "Barum Hall," Halifax, who favoured the ingenious scheme of tipping *every* horse in a big race, so that some of his clients were certain to be satisfied, appears to have an imitator in the person of Tom Helsby, of "Fairview," Upper Brook Street, C.-on-M., Manchester. This gentleman recently worked the scheme in the Newbury Cup, assuring all his clients "Mine is information not Turf adviser guess work." He blundered, however, by sending two different tips to the same address.

A Soapy Swindle.

A man named M'Callum engaged others to canvass orders for "Virx" soap in the Liverpool district. After a few days, however, he disappeared, leaving his dupes unpaid and with their insurance cards unstamped. "Virx" soap is the proprietary brand of Whyte, Reid and Mitchell, Ltd., of Belfast, who declare that it is sold solely for cash under a scheme to benefit local ex-Service men. They employ no agents anywhere and Mr. M'Callum had no authority to handle their product. He would seem to be a soapy customer.

A Statement of Facts.

Recently we stated that a Mr. Court offered shares that did not exist, and that he has an extremely bad record in the United States financial world. We are now informed that the shares did exist and that delivery was made to purchasers in this country, but in the instance referred to delivery was withheld owing to a dispute as to whether money received by Mr. Court was a payment for the shares or a payment on another account. We are also informed that Mr. Court carries on business in Canada and is probably not known financially in the United States.

"John Bull" Pays
118 More Insurance Benefits
See page 2.

Problems of Life

"A Man's a Man"

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THERE is a pleasant story told of Mr. Lloyd George which is quite probably authentic.

It is to the effect that when he was at the height of his power and the most-talked-of statesman on earth, he paid one of his frequent private visits to the village of Llanstumdwy where his childhood was spent.

Dr. R. J. Campbell.

The time was midwinter, and the brawling stream which runs under the bridge on the outskirts of the village was frozen over.

The Prime Minister, as he then was, stood alone on the bridge looking at the scene, and while so engaged he espied at a little distance a figure which he instantly recognised. It was that of a former schoolfellow of his with whom in earlier years he used sometimes to play truant instead of learning his lessons in the little village school as he ought to have been doing—for I am afraid David Lloyd George was a rather naughty little boy.

He hailed the man by name. "Evan," he called—if Evan was the name—"do you remember piloting me across this stream when it was frozen over fifty years ago?"

"Yes," was the shyly spoken reply. "Then come along and see if you can do it now," continued the great man.

EVAN instantly complied, and the humble cottager of Llanstumdwy and the Prime Minister of Great Britain stumbled and splashed hand in hand from one side of the stream to the other in high glee.

They were boys again—Evan and David out for a frolic. Their respective positions in the world were forgotten, and they renewed old associations as though there had never been any intervening changes.

Not many men could do a thing like this so naturally and simply as Mr. Lloyd George. It is characteristic of him. He has never given himself airs or adopted an attitude of condescension towards inferiors as lesser pundits are apt to do.

Those who know him best say that he is exactly the same kind of person that he was when poor and unknown.

BUT the very fact that an incident like this could be related as though it were surprising is an illustration of British ways of thinking.

Too often we are either snobs or vulgarians—frequently both.

It should not be thought natural for the man of exalted station to cultivate a haughty demeanour like that of the ex-Kaiser in the heyday of his power; nor should it be felt necessary for the man of so-called low degree to assert himself offensively in order to show that he thinks himself as good as those above him.

When the spirit of true democracy prevails we shall have neither the one nor the other.

A CROOK UNMASKED

NOTORIOUS CLUB : STRANGE DISCLOSURES

Ford's Sinister History

FREDDIE FORD, "The Night Club King," or "Fordie" as he is known to his associates, has always followed a criminal career.

He has run night-club after night-club, where, for his own ends, he has encouraged the worst crooks and the worst women of London to consort together.

His first "club" in London to achieve notoriety was called the New Avenue Club. This was a one-roomed meeting-place for thieves and "mugs" in Ham Yard.

The New Avenue Club was formed on the *debris* of another drinking-den called the Avenue Club, which, after a long run, was raided and closed down by the police.

Its proprietors were fined and the club was handed over to Ford, who merely altered its name and carried on as though nothing had happened.

The most dreadful people of the underworld crowded into this vile haunt. An ex-pugilist guarded the door, into which Ford had fitted an iron spy-hole, through which visitors were scrutinised before admission.

The price of gallantry

All kinds of thefts and affrays took place at the New Avenue Club. On one occasion the ex-pugilist on the door had an argument with a dangerous racing ruffian over a woman. This rascal went away and returned to the club reinforced by a large number of men armed with bars of iron and knuckle-dusters.

A dreadful scene ensued. A syphon was broken and hurled at the man behind the bar, glasses and bottles were thrown about at random and a number of people were injured.

Women ran screaming down the stairs, and general pandemonium reigned until the police were summoned.

On another occasion—we select it as typical of many similar incidents—two students entered the New Avenue Club with two young women. One of the members of a notorious racing gang began to take liberties with one of the ladies. Her student friend, unused to such surroundings, remonstrated with the unwanted intruder.

But race-gang rogues tolerate no such interference. Picking up a glass from the counter, and dashing the beer to the floor, the man smashed the glass across a chair and jammed it into the student's ear. Fainting, he was carried away.

The master's return

Eventually the police began to watch this place, but, owing to the almost impregnable barricade engineered by Ford, they found it extremely difficult to gain admission. Eventually, they did it by working from adjacent premises.

About the same time another "club" run by Ford was closed down by the police, and he was sent to prison.

While he was in jail a lady friend of his opened another club. Her name is Ruby Crowther, but she was commonly known as "Mrs. Ford." She had figured prominently in his club ventures.

In fairness to the woman, who was imbued with the night-life so completely that she found it difficult to make a living in any other way while Ford was behind prison bars, it should be said that her club was not marred with the riff-raff of the New Avenue—until Ford came out.

Then he assumed control. Again came the thieves, the race gangsters, the inveterate jail-birds—all the most dangerous sweepings of the underworld—and rascality was once more set loose.

Ruby Crowther could do nothing. Ford was her master. She had years before separated from her husband and had three children to keep. So she stood on and watched

Ruby Crowther

her little club, which she was trying to run straight, being turned into a thieves' kitchen.

Eventually the police raided it. Ford was again sent to prison. This time Ruby Crowther was herself summoned, and after Ford had been sentenced she was brought before the magistrate for judgment to be passed upon her.

A callous "husband"

She was fined £40. Ford had left her without a penny. He had entrusted his cash to somebody else. Crowther, or "Mrs. Ford"—she had passed as such for many years—did not know where to raise the money to pay the fine.

She wrote to Ford in jail, where he is at present. She received an interesting reply. Her "husband" wrote that he had not got the money to pay. He suggested she should see another club proprietor in Ham Yard.

She saw him and was greeted with words which showed utter contempt for Ford. The Night Club King, as an alternative, suggested she should cadge the money from another quarter. "If you should fail to obtain the money from either of these parties," Ford wrote, "you should pawn your jewellery."

She did, and raised about £10 in that way. The other money she obtained elsewhere. "A month in jail would do her good," Ford had often been heard to say about her. But she was saved from jail in the nick of time.

When you play with fire you must expect to be burnt, and Ruby Crowther well knows this to-day. What has her life been with Ford?

Some years ago she was living with him at a house in the King's Cross neighbourhood, in connection with which Ford was convicted for permitting the sale of liquor without a licence.

For a time Ford was an interested frequenter of another place in the same locality, where a "spieling" room was established. Here gambling was practised nightly.

An idea of the type of man he was is instanced in the story of a Hatton Garden escapade.

The "Bank Notes Case"

Ford quarrelled with a merchant there, and to show the nice sort of fellow he is seized a weapon and wounded the man mercilessly. For this he got five years' penal servitude.

In January and February, 1921, Ford figured in a sensational prosecution which became known as the "Bank-Notes Case."

At this time he was running a hotel in Calthorpe Street, King's Cross, where, arising out of a complaint made to the police by a Mr. Boxer, Ford and two other men were arrested and charged with offences under the Forgery Act, in connection with banknotes of various kinds.

After a protracted hearing at the Clerkenwell Police Court, Ford and the other men, named Levy and Kurasch, were committed for trial at the Old Bailey, and, although they were acquitted of the charges under the Forgery Act, all of them were found guilty of conspiracy to defraud.

Mr. Justice Lush sentenced Ford and Kurasch to fifteen months' hard labour, and Levy to nine.

Added to the crimes enumerated above, the enterprising Ford has also been convicted of housebreaking and theft. This shows him to be a hardened and rapacious rogue. A fitting person to fill the rôle of "Night Club King"!

The rake's progress

Is this person to come out of jail, as he is due to do shortly, and be permitted to do what he has done time after time before?—open yet another club where once again the most dangerous parasites and rogues of the underworld can gather together in force for the furtherance of crime and rascality.

There is every reason to believe that he will endeavour to do so, as tremendous profits can be made so easily by men of this type, rogues who care little for law and order, or for the consequences of their acts, so long as they can get rich quick in the hectic and degrading night life of London's underworld.

A Tragedy of Debt

Arrest Leads to Suicide

THE other week a tragic case of suicide was reported from Hackney, and there are certain aspects of the tragedy which we cannot allow to pass without some comment.

The poor fellow who took his life was beset with financial difficulties, and the height of his troubles was reached when his wife, who had only recently recovered from an illness, was taken away to Holloway prison for non-payment of rates amounting to £11 5s. 4d. He felt that he could not bear this crowning disgrace.

Friends meanwhile came to the woman's assistance and paid the necessary money. She was released, but when she returned to her home that same evening she made the terrible discovery that her husband was dead.

He had improvised a mask from one of her hats, had placed it over his face with a tube passing through it and connected with the gas supply.

Widow's blighted life

To most people it would appear to be just another story of a luckless man crushed and beaten after a long uphill fight and unable to battle on any longer.

But there is more in it than that. There is the question of the crowning calamity which played upon his unbalanced mind with such disastrous results. There is the question of the widow's blighted life.

Is anything to be gained by sending poor, harassed people to prison when it is clearly proved that they are utterly unable to meet the demands made upon them?

It may be argued that the menace of jail may often be successful in frightening some individuals into paying; but we would point out that they are people who can pay.

The system may be satisfactory with them, but there are two other classes with whom it proves futile.

A tragic sequel

There are those who could pay, but who would rather go to jail; and there are others, like this poor woman, who would pay if they could but who simply lack the means.

Whilst it is necessary to show the utmost severity with the former class, it is equally desirable that some consideration should be shown to the latter.

Was consideration shown in this case? Up to a point, yes. At least, action was delayed during the woman's illness, but as soon as she was recovered she was hustled away to prison.

If only the authorities had realised the futility of such a drastic course, and if they had only extended a little more consideration, this poor woman and her husband might still have been striving side by side to straighten out their affairs.

As it is her life is blighted by her tragic bereavement. She is absolutely broken, and the terrible shock has rendered her an invalid once more.

A BRITISH MUSEUM MYSTERY

TORTURE OF EMPLOYEES

A Hint to Sir Frederic

WE are all very proud of the British Museum. As a storehouse of archæological treasures it has no rival in the whole round world. For learning and erudition its staff leaves the best scholars of other nationalities limping leagues behind.

Its mummies are marvels of antiquity, its statuary sublime, its ancient coins and relics the wonder and the envy of collectors young and old.

One thing we do not claim for it. It is not a model of speed, hustle and business efficiency.

Generally speaking, this is not a bad thing. We do not look for Yankee speed-up methods in, say, an Egyptologist engaged in stitching a new patch on the wrappings round Pharaoh's mummy.

Nor would it be a good thing if the learned staff were being perpetually jogged in their studies by an efficiency expert brought straight from a modern commercial undertaking.

A snowball deficiency

At the same time, there is one branch of the museum administration where, at the moment, there is a decided call for a revision of a somewhat antiquated system.

Owing to what appears to be dilatoriness on the part of those in authority, a great deal of unnecessary pain and anxiety is being inflicted on certain of the employees.

The trouble commenced in February, 1925, when a stocktaking was made at one of the bookstalls, where visitors to the museum may make purchases. There appeared to be a deficiency of £173.

Nothing was openly done at the time, and in November, 1925, at a second stocktaking, the deficiency had apparently increased to £320.

A change over was made in the personnel, and enquiries were naturally set afoot, but still the mystery was unsolved and the leakage continued.

Light-fingered visitors

There are many explanations offered. One which will occur to everyone who knows how carefully the museum employees are chosen for their character and integrity is that the bookstalls have been systematically robbed by visitors to the museum.

While the bookstall-keeper is engaged with a customer, it is not very difficult for a light-fingered person to help himself.

Again, it is alleged on behalf of the employees that there is not nearly a strict enough system of taking care of either stock or cash.

It is said, for example, that the stock was checked only twice over a period of five years, that account-books were not checked with care, and that the money taken is not locked away overnight in a real safe.

Naturally, there are several members of the staff on whom suspicion might rest who are deeply hurt over the whole affair. They demanded an enquiry, which they were only too anxious to face, for they had a good conscience.

That was some time ago, but so far, Sir Frederic Kenyon, Director and Principal Librarian of the Museum, has not issued a statement on the matter. This, to say the least of it, is unfortunate.

Every day's delay means the torture of perfectly innocent people, who feel themselves under a cloud of suspicion.

There was an echo of the affair in the House of Commons, when Mr. Will Thorne put a question to Mr. Ronald McNeill, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. The answer given to him was to the effect that immediate enquiries would be made. That was in December last.

Two months later, Mr. Thorne again approached Mr. McNeill, when he was told that "investigations into the loss of public money at the British Museum bookstall were not yet complete."

Suspicion's shadow

A few days ago, in the interests of the employees and the public, we approached Sir Frederic Kenyon himself. He informed our representative that the enquiry is still proceeding into the question of the alleged deficits, and that the culprit, if any, has not been found.

At the same time he confessed that until an explanation is forthcoming which would clear up the whole mystery several people must be suspected. That being so, we suggest that there has been an inexcusable delay somewhere.

It is now fourteen months since the wretched affair opened, and there has been ample time to

Sir Frederic Kenyon, Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum

solve half a dozen murder mysteries, far less the comparatively trifling matter of an alleged deficiency of stock on a British Museum bookstall.

Not only the innocent employees themselves, but their wives and families, are worried to death over the mere idea of the suspicion. The more unblemished a person's character, the more keenly he feels the shadow of accusation.

That being so, we feel that, in all fairness, Sir Frederic Kenyon ought to speed up his enquiry.

If need be, let him call in fresh investigators. Scotland Yard, we think, would soon clear the air. They might be able to find a perfectly simple explanation of the alleged deficiencies, and also to give a few hints to Sir Frederic on how to avoid such situations in future.

A Forty Shilling Croesus

The System that Sizzled.

A FIRM called Alan Forbes, Ltd., has been operating on an extensive scale for some months at 37, High Holborn, W.C.

Thousands of glowing circulars were sent out, inviting participation in various stockbroking schemes of an "infallible" character.

And the schemes were so simple! All one had to do was to send money for investment to Alan Forbes, Ltd,, and then sit down and wait for the fat profits to come rolling in.

The company, which knew all there was to know about the golden secrets of the Stock Exchange, undertook to let the public have the benefit of its inside knowledge.

Money rolled in from fortune-hunting investors; but Alan Forbes, Ltd., seemed to have an uncanny knack of backing losers only!

Their infallible system certainly failed when it came to the question of paying out, and those who had thought to get rich quickly were doomed to disappointment.

Letters of complaint have lately poured into the office of Alan Forbes, Ltd., and most of them have remained unanswered. This is not altogether surprising, for it must be very difficult to explain how an "infallible" system has failed!

Within the last few days, however, letters are being returned by the Post Office marked "Gone Away."

Alan Forbes, Ltd., cannot be traced, but our enquiries have revealed one or two interesting facts. Many disappointed people have asked who was behind the company.

It was registered at Somerset House in March, 1924, and has a nominal capital of £500 in £1 shares. Of this sum, however, only £2 is paid up, so it transpires that the company was dealing with hundreds of pounds of clients' money on a paid-up capital of £2!

And it had only one director—a Mr. Alan Forbes. Thus it was a £2 one-man concern—in other words, a private individual trading as a limited liability company, the extent of his liability being the staggering sum of forty shillings!

We hope that the police will go further into this matter and lose no time in getting on his track.

Castaways of the State

Poor Regard for Long Service

THE Finance Committee of the Battersea Borough Council recently recommended that a grant of over £200 should be made to an employee who was leaving their employment under doctor's orders at the age of eighty-two after nine years' service.

It was felt that it was only right that he should be given the opportunity of a little leisure in his old age.

Yet a generous Government is discharging men with over forty years' service, and, having taken the best years of their lives, dismisses them with bonuses that it should be an insult to offer to any employee for services rendered.

We give two glaring examples of Government injustice:

Alfred George Chapman, of Carnation Road, Plumstead, an employee of the Royal Ammunition Factories, Woolwich, for fifty-two years, left at the age of sixty-six last February, having reached the age limit, and was rewarded with the insignificant sum of £110 to see him through the winter of his days.

Imagine it—£110 for fifty-two years service, a little over £2 a year.

Fortunately, though no thanks are due to the Government, he is not in want. But it does seem hard that after a life of service a man should have to depend in his old age on whatever money he has saved through thrift.

Edward Griffiths, of East Road, Belvedere, was employed in the Royal Arsenal as a fireman for forty-three years and five months, at the end of which period he was discharged with a good character on account of ill health, for which his work was responsible.

A niggardly Government awarded him a bonus of £125, for which Griffiths had to wait thirteen weeks.

This is the saddest case. To-day Griffiths is on parish relief. He lives in a tiny hut on Belvedere marshes amidst appalling surroundings with his wife and one son, who is also unemployed. Last week he drew 12s. 6d.

Yet at sixty-six, while naturally bitter at the treatment accorded him by the Government, he is looking for work at an age when there should be no necessity for it.

COOL COCOA HOAX

YDUL'S SILVER DIDDLE

Dark-skinned Demons

A BUSING the hospitality offered them in this country, hosts of coloured crooks make a living by swindling innocent victims. An added shame is that even when caught and punished, plenty of opportunity is still allowed these swindlers to continue their shady practices.

EACH day seems to afford a fresh instance of the scandalous way in which undesirable coloured men are permitted to establish themselves in business in this country and impose upon the unwary.

Some time ago we warned the public about a business transfer agency then run in the name of Bertram and Co., at Victoria Street, S.W.

The principal of this business was a coloured man whose real name is Ydul Kaka. Of course, Bertram sounds better for public use, and in this name the dusky gentleman advertised businesses for sale.

After getting deposits from various clients he held on to the money and—did nothing more!

A very pleasant way of making a living; but the sequel is interesting.

A bogus solicitor

Mr. Harry Bertram, or Ydul Kaka, has just been sentenced at London Sessions to twelve months' hard labour for obtaining money and a quantity of silver goods by false pretences. He was described as a "most plausible liar," and in view of the details of the case the description is most apt.

He had obtained £25 from a man by leading him to believe that he had a business for sale, the profits of which were £1,200 a year.

Ydul Kaka represented himself as a member of a firm of Bombay solicitors, and mentioned casually that he was making a handsome income by acting as agent for a Czecho-Slovakian sugar refinery.

All these statements were found to be figments of the Indian's imagination.

The silver goods mentioned in the charges had been obtained from wholesale silversmiths by presenting worthless drafts, and Kaka had subsequently disposed of them at a pawnbroker's shop.

How coloured men thrive

In the course of the hearing it was stated that this coloured crook had become engaged to an English girl, and the way in which he had worned himself into her confidence was disclosed by the fact that this unfortunate lady had herself borne the expenses of his defence!

What will happen to this clever rogue when he comes out of jail? Will he be permitted to re-establish himself in our midst, or will he be sent back to his own country? We know what the answer to these questions ought to be!

Another coloured trickster has just figured in the King's Bench Division, where a judgment has been entered against him for £500 with costs.

He is Mr. Gordon Andrews, of Buchanan Buildings, Holborn, and he had obtained £500 from a man whom he had interested in a mythical cocoa company in Grenada.

He had showed his dupe bills of exchange indicating that the turnover of the business was £30,000 and said that in return for his investment of £500 he would be appointed assistant-manager of the Grenada b... with a house, a horse and a m... cycle.

Stranded in Grenada

The unsuspecting gentleman actually went out to Grenada, only to find no estate and no business.

He was forced to borrow money from local residents until his own people were able to send out cash to cover his return passage.

Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., Chairman of the London Sessions, who sentenced Harry Bertram

Remarking that a fool and his money were soon parted, Mr. Justice McKinnon remarked that it was more speedily accomplished when a fool met a rogue.

"A clearer case of fraud and a more shameless set of lying statements without the slightest foundation in fact I have never heard," he declared, "the whole thing was a swindle from beginning to end."

The life of Loomba

What is happening in this case? Is Andrews being left alone to do the same sort of thing over again? Mr. Justice McKinnon's opinion, summed up in such strong language, should not be lost upon the authority whose duty it is to stop this sort of thing.

One more example may be cited in the case of an individual named Kundan Lal Loomba. This gentleman has just been examined in the Bankruptcy Court, and the Official Receiver, commenting on the debtor's statement of affairs, observed that it was full of "don't remembers."

It was also found to be full of false statements, and Loomba lied consistently in an endeavour to conceal his assets.

Loomba has also figured on numerous charges of assaulting white girls in most distressing circumstances, at his Holborn office.

These unfortunate victims were his typist and applicants for the position, and although Loomba fabricated a network of lies to clear himself, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for his pains.

Do we want such coloured pests in this country? *We do not!*

GIGANTIC BOOBY TRAP

FAIRY FORTUNES FOR SIMPLE SOULS

The Bullion Boosters

BOGUS share-pushing has now become a fine art with some clever rogues. Employing glib-tongued canvassers furnished with imposing literature, these unscrupulous tricksters are foisting on gullible people shares which will never have any financial value.

FOR some time past a very generous firm in the City of London has taken upon itself the task of making fortunes for all. Let us introduce the firm at once—it is T. W. Webb and Co., Ltd., of Moorgate Street Buildings, E.C.

By a widespread scheme these self-appointed philanthropists are making gigantic efforts to persuade people to take advantage of a unique offer.

Only foolish people, they say, would turn the proposal down. For the wise man who is willing to put up a little cash at once there is wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Apart from issuing circulars which paint their project in golden hues, T. W. Webb and Co., Ltd., are also employing a large army of fast-talkesmen to go about the country telling the maddest stories about this great chance which must not be missed.

The prospective clients have been specially selected, and a few words are necessary to show why they are being so favoured.

Three "great" companies

During the past few years a number of unfortunate people have invested money in three thoroughly unsound propositions. These are known as Chaffers Gold Mines, Gwalia Central Gold Mines and the Hampton Consolidated Mines.

Although great fortunes from gold and platinum were predicted not one of them has brought any return to the countless shareholders.

Now the shares of a concern called Bullion Mines, Ltd., have found their way into the hands of Webb and Co., and the people selected for the favour of participating are the disappointed shareholders of the other three concerns!

Bullion Mines is really a reconstruction of those booby-traps which, according to Webb and Co., is going to save the situation.

Of course, they are far too crafty to put their offer so crudely. Their circular letters are carefully constructed to imply that Bullion Mines preference shares are gilt-edged stock.

Thus we find a sly reference to the fact that there are platinum-bearing lodes "on properties in the district of your company's property."

The platinum "gas."

Platinum is very, very valuable. And there is platinum "in the district." Most of the mugs who receive these circulars will draw the inference anticipated of them.

Webb and Co. then proceed to business; but they still do not put the proposition in the form of an offer. Oh, no! They hasten to submit "your prior right" to take up Bullion Mines shares at 1s. 6d. per share.

When the lucky ones have availed themselves of their "prior right," Webb and Co. state that they will "be free to offer the unsold portion of the said preference shares to our own private clientele at not less than 2s. 9d. per share!"

The personal representatives, or jazz-salesmen, who are touring the country seek to rope in victims in the same way by the power of suggestion.

They employ the old confidence trick of informing prospective dupes that under the reconstruction scheme, which is to retrieve the fortunes of the old companies, it is their *privilege* to take up so many preference shares.

Important exhortations

Being old shareholders they are entitled to the first chance, and it is up to them to take it. If, however, they do not wish to take it then they must sign a document renouncing "all rights, privileges and profits" in the new company.

Those who are wise enough to sign this form are not likely to hear any more, for the "Allotment Release," as it is termed, is merely part and parcel of the scheme of suggestion, calculated to lead the prospective client to believe that he is giving up something valuable.

Of course, this ruse is often successful, particularly when backed up by the glib-tongued salesmen, who usually see their clients alone and therefore talk with ease.

The fact that some of Webb and Co.'s representatives have been operating with this Bullion trash as far away as the West of Ireland shows how extensive is their plan.

Why are Webb and Co. pushing these shares? What are they getting out of it? They are willing to dispose of them to so-called preferential clients at 1s. 6d. a share before they are sold to their "private clientele" at 2s. 9d., remember. How much have they paid for them?

The webb of Webb

It is pretty safe to assume that the shares were picked up by Webb and Co., Ltd., or for somebody for whom this firm is acting, for a mere song. If this were not so how could they possibly pay a large staff of personal salesmen to go about in luxurious cars, and who receive large commissions on their sales?

The whole thing is a booby-trap which should be left severely alone—first, because it is not the first venture of its kind to be boosted by Webb and Co.; and, secondly, because Bullion Mines, Ltd., is "of Western Australia," and therefore registered there. Which means that any investors who desire first-hand information concerning the actual finances of the companies have rather a long journey before them!

THE BARONESS DE BUNKUM

INCREDIBLE STORY OF BOGUS TITLE

Off, Stanley, Off!

WE have recently had something to say about a lady who describes herself as "Baroness de Beck," but further enquiries have revealed a remarkable story.

It was announced that she had taken over the wine and spirit business of her "famous uncle," and was also active in the management of the Whittington Club.

We say at once that we do not believe she has any right to the rank she has assumed. In any case there is no such title recognised in the English peerage.

It seems that this lady blossomed forth as "Baroness de Beck" a few months ago after she had married a dashing gentleman named Captain Francis Tembrell Stanley, and had embarked with him upon the, to them, inexpensive pastime of flitting from address to address without paying for board and lodging.

A plausible humbug

Capt. and Mrs. Stanley, for instance, took apartments at a house in Courtfield Gardens, Kensington. They were there some weeks.

The landlady did not know that Stanley is a scheming humbug who has been living by his wits for years, but she is to-day considerably the poorer, for the pair departed without settling the bill.

Our investigations next led us to a very fashionable boarding-house in Prince's Square, Bayswater, where the interesting couple were for some weeks until, one fine morning, they left without paying up.

Passing over such matters as these, let us consider the problem as to when Mrs. Stanley became "Baroness de Beck."

The assumed title

It was while they were living at Prince's Square that the business of Baron de Beck and Co. was started. Capt Stanley did not form it, but an extremely interesting gentleman named Mr. Frank Clark did.

On the records of this company which, registered only in October last, was supposed to be a long-standing business run by her famous uncle, the interesting lady of this story does not appear as Mrs. Stanley, but as "Marianna de Beck."

The address given on the company's records is the boarding-house in Prince's Square, where at the time she and Capt. Stanley were residing, and from which they departed without paying their bill.

When, then, did she become a fully fledged baroness? And who is Mr. Frank Clark, who formed the wine company for her? He is a scoundrel who is at present "wanted" by the police for inducing a woman named Knott to "frame-up" a bogus burglary at her premises.

When the fraud was discovered, and Clark and Miss Knott were arrested for conspiracy, the former showed what a splendid fellow he was by disappearing on bail and leaving the poor woman to face her trial alone. *Why is Clark not arrested?*

We are sorry that the Baroness de Beck, so soon after she "inherited" her title, had the misfortune to meet such an undesirable person. Possibly she picked up the habit from Capt. Stanley, who is curiously unlucky in his associates.

A year or two ago he and a man named Capt. Sheehan were associated with a concern set up for the purpose of emigrating ex-officers abroad.

It finished up by emigrating nobody but a large sum of money was lifted from a number of poor investors.

Then we find the gallant captain associated with a venture called the Junior Authors' Club. About eighteen months ago Stanley got a man to convert premises at Johnson's Court, E.C., into this club. To this day he has not been paid for his work, a sum of about £200.

Stanley wanted cash to run this club. He got in touch with a concern called the West Riding and Counties Insurance Company.

This was a bogus affair, run by a man named Williams. Mr. Williams took it over after he came out of jail for running a £10,000 share swindle in Gracechurch Street.

With the aid of this bogus insurance company, Williams robbed people on a grand scale, and is now in jail!

An unhappy experience for Capt. Stanley to meet such a man. But with the aid of Williams a number of people paid money on the employment-with-investment basis in connection with the Junior Authors' Club.

These people found no employment and have lost their investments.

Stanley then handed over the club to somebody else and retired from the scene. The gentleman to whom he handed it over is named Gordon Fletcher Hewitt.

Gordon Fletcher Hewitt has been constantly exposed in these columns for running similar clubs on moneys extracted from incredulous people.

Stanley then got in touch with a man named Capt. Ronaldson, and together they started another venture called the Templars' Club—which has also been criticised in these columns.

The man behind the scenes

After this, Stanley renewed his acquaintance with Capt. Sheehan concerning yet another club called the St. Martin's Club, in Mark Lane. This had a short career, too, and was closed down by the police.

Now it is Baron de Beck and Co., Limited, and the Whittington Club in Aldermanbury. Stanley's name does not appear officially in the records of these new ventures, but, although Mrs. Stanley—in other words, "Baroness de Back"—is bearing the burden of management, Capt. Stanley is behind the scenes all right.

We should strongly advise Capt. Stanley to introduce a little caution into his future activities. We find that he has had one or two experiences which should make him careful.

Frank Clark

In March, 1923, he was charged at Marlborough Street with obtaining goods by false pretences. The charge was dismissed by Stanley paying the costs.

A little later, at the same court, he was charged with the fraudulent conversion of money. He had had the money for shares which he did not hand over. Upon Stanley agreeing to refund the money, the prosecutor withdrew the charge.

Much the same thing occurred at Hove Police Court a few months ago over a cheque that was dishonoured. Stanley made an arrangement to refund the money, and thus got out of the charge.

While we could fill pages with the career of Captain Stanley, we think we have said enough to warn the public against him, and the "baroness" at his beck.

The O'Connor Tragedy

Aftermath of a Grave Scandal

OUR recent article calling attention to the plight of Andrew O'Connor, the ex-policeman who resigned from the force as a protest against wrongful punishment, has aroused widespread sympathy.

In the course of his duty O'Connor found it necessary to arrest a well-known public man, since deceased, on a charge of "insulting behaviour and creating a breach of the peace."

Through the intervention of a higher official, the man was permitted to leave the station, and O'Connor was subsequently "severely reprimanded and strictly cautioned and, for the benefit of the Service, transferred to another division."

Penalty of doing duty

O'Connor complains that he was not allowed to call witnesses in his own support, and maintains that he was only performing his duty in making the arrest.

"I did my duty," were his simple words when our representative called upon him at his tenement near Charing Cross Road. "Cabman or Cabinet Minister, it makes no difference. In similar circumstances I should have arrested either."

It is pitiful to see this stricken man, who feels keenly the bitter disgrace of the affair, and who now bears the added burden of blindness.

His sole income is 8s. a week, though his plucky wife, who stands by him nobly, endeavours to supplement this to the best of her ability.

A worthy helpmate

After devoting the day to looking after her husband she sells programmes at a London theatre, but this brings in a very small wage.

There are two children, a girl of ten and a boy of twelve. Before misfortune overtook him O'Connor had mapped out a brave career for this lad. He was to have gone to a college and to have distinguished himself in the world's affairs.

Even now the father, who is a cultured man, endeavours personally to improve the lad's learning. This home tuition has borne fruit, for the boy has repaid his father's care by winning a scholarship.

The pity is that owing to the family's reduced circumstances this scholarship cannot be put into effect.

As may be imagined, one or two have spared no effort to obtain a hearing, and in past years he has approached many influential people in the hope that they would look into the matter, and cause his case to be reopened.

Amongst those unsuccessfully appealed to have been the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M., the Rt. Hon. A. E. Shortt, Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts and the Catholic Members of the House of Commons.

Enquiry should be held

We certainly think that an impartial enquiry should be held into the whole matter.

It must be remembered that O'Connor had thirteen years' exemplary service to his credit, and it seems a great scandal that he should be penalised for doing his duty.

In view of all the circumstances, we think the Home Secretary should personally interest himself in this distressing case.

AN AMAZING WOMAN

HYDRA-HEADED FINANCIER

A Triple Alliance

"Cash by Post—£25 to £10,000 advanced to all classes ladies and gentlemen on signature: interest 2s. in the £ yearly. —A. May, 171, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4."

THE above advertisement is particularly attractive to the thousands of poor people who may be in urgent need of a temporary loan.

But people who answer these advertisements do not find things so rosy as they are painted.

One client, for instance, answered the advertisement and wrote for a loan of £10. He received a circular asking for 5s. "towards costs and expenses" and enclosing an agreement form for him to sign.

He sent the money, and apart from a stereotyped circular letter thanking him for the fee, he has heard nothing more. He sent his money in June.

A feminine financier

Another applicant asked by post for a loan of £10 and was fleeced of 25s., a further £1 being demanded after the original 5s. had been paid. That was six months ago, yet no loan has come to hand.

Now who is A. May? At Somerset House, where all "financiers" have to be registered under the Moneylenders Act, the person trading as "A. May," is shown as "Annie May," of 138, Walworth Road, S.E. Therefore, the fee-snatcher of Queen Victoria Street would appear, on the face of things, to be a lady.

But is this so? We observe that some of the circulars which emanate from Queen Victoria Street are signed "M.A." pp A. May. This is most interesting, for we have traced the owner of those initials to be a gentleman named Max Alton.

Max Alton is also registered at Somerset House as a "financier," and the particulars on this certificate show him to be carrying on business at 58, Camberwell Road, London, S.E.

Formerly he had another office at 63, Bartholomew Close, E.C., where he achieved a certain amount of notoriety through his methods of fee-snatching from would-be borrowers.

An ominous connection

Now what connection is there betwen A. May, otherwise Annie May, and Max Alton? Probing the mystery further, we find that Alton's Camberwell address is also the registered office of another so-called moneylender named M. Preston.

"M. Preston" is actually a lady named May Preston, described as a spinster, and also as a photographer and wholesale dealer.

And, whilst using Alton's Camberwell address, this lady has also made quite a name for herself by lifting fees from people in search of loans they did not get!

Disappointed clients who called to see her were invariably received by Max Alton, who is also described there as a "photographer," so there is no doubt that he was associated with the "M. Preston" business.

This fact is all the more interesting since it also enables us to prove that Alton is equally interested in the "A. May" business at Queen Victoria Street. For A. May, otherwise Annie May, is merely an abbreviation of Annie May Preston!

The telephone number of A. May, "Financier," is Central 6444, and by a curious coincidence this is also the telephone number of "Alton, M., Photographic materials merchant," who likewise shares the office at 171, Queen Victoria Street.

Partners in plundering

As a matter of fact, Alton and this woman Preston have been working together for years.

On one occasion a firm supplied some photographic material to May Preston at Camberwell Road, and couldn't get their money because no one of that name was known there.

Alton denied all knowledge of Preston for months, but on one occasion admitted that Preston was his manager!

There are many similar cases where Alton has played with his creditors by employing the various names, but we think we have said enough to show that the advertisements of A. May are best left alone.

A QUEER UNIONHOOD

SIGNS, SOUNDS AND KEY WORDS

Strange Secret Society

AN eighteen-year-old Scots reader who was out of work recently inserted an advertisement for a job in a local paper which brought a reply from a concern known as the Albion Chemical Company, Ltd., of 5, Drury Street, Glasgow.

He was asked to write fully, enclosing a stamped envelope for a reply, or giving two days' notice if he desired to make an appointment.

Being naturally canny he sent a letter requesting further particulars about the alleged situation, and in due course received a long letter and several sheets of printed matter, referring to "The C.P. Unionhood."

The letter opened with a mild remonstrance because he had not written fully or arranged an appointment. "We think you better get two friends to join the C.P. Union before you call," it continued, though no explanation was given for this suggestion.

A wise move

"The situation is that of manager's assistant in a Limited Co. which is very shorthanded. This note has had to be written, while travelling," declared the writer apologising for his epistle, scribbled on cheap paper.

Once again the applicant was urged to secure "two good members" for the C.P. Unionhood, and to give two days' notice before calling,

Finally, as a sort of casual afterthought, the Albion Chemical Company asked "What experience have you and what pay do you expect?"

Although he was only eighteen, our reader had sufficient experience and sense to realise that he was up against a shady scheme. He simply placed all the documents in an envelope and sent them to us for our perusal.

Mystic initials

We must say that we have found them very entertaining. One circular is headed, "How to Pay. All dues, premiums, subscriptions, national saving certificates, a/c.s for goods, printing, etc.,—without money."

All one has to do is to work for the C.P. Universal Unionhood—C.P., it is stated, standing for "Cumulative Premiums, Cash Providing, Customers Profitsharing, Commission Pensions, Commercial Propositions, and many other phrases."

Members of this remarkable Unionhood, so the circular informs us, receive benefits "somewhat like those of the Trades' House Incorporations, and Freemasonry combined." What all this means we confess we do not understand.

The first step is to get two friends to join "by lending 10s. or any higher decimal sum." This entitles you to free membership. By getting a third friend to join you become a "Conductor Member" and receive 50 per cent. of his contribution.

He, in turn, is called a "Pivot Member," and if you help him to get further members you can claim 10 per cent. of their contributions.

Each contributor receives "three signs, and their sounds; the current and previous years' Universal Key Words, and the Alumnus mark, with some directions how they may be used for the benefit of all members."

Perhaps the C.P. Unionhood can explain all this; no one else could.

But it is stated that there are "no Oaths, Obligations or Compulsory Meetings."

A priceless paragraph

One paragraph is really rather priceless. It runs: "To prevent the plan becoming a 'Snowball,' Membership is renewable annually."

Presumably J. Macaulay, Ltd., and the Albion Chemical Co., Ltd., who appear to be behind the scheme, are averse from their "plan" being classed with the common or garden "snow-ball" ramp.

Out-of-work lads who are earnestly seeking honest employment cannot afford to waste their time in reading reams of rot about "Conductor Members," "Pivot Members," "Inanimate Members" and "Inoperative Members," or by "doing a little work" for such an idiotic Unionhood.

Living in a Pig-sty!

CARAVANS ON GARBAGE

A Veritable Plague-Spot

LAST week we told the truth about the vast encampment on Belvedere marshes, where upwards of 1,500 poverty-stricken souls are herded together in circumstances of indescribable squalor and degradation. In the meantime, we have been continuing our investigations and examining individual cases of hardship and distress.

In a converted pig-sty, 11ft. by 6 ft., we found a husband and wife with seven children, the eldest being a girl of fifteen. It was furnished with a double bed, a single bed, a table and a cooking-stove. The walls were just bare, rough boards.

This family had 18s. a week to live on, and the children were poorly clad and dirty. The younger ones were playing amongst tubs containing pig-swill, garbage, rotting vegetation and a large manure-heap. Near by were a stable and a caravan, and the ground was strewn with rotting oranges.

Horrible hovels

Another family, consisting of husband and wife and three children, have made their home in an old pantechnicon. They are charged a rental of 6s. a week for the plot on which the pantechnicon stands, and which they have fenced off from the roadway with portions of old iron bedsteads.

This "home" also backs upon a stable where there is an accumulation of filth of all sorts, which attracts swarms of flies.

Both the foregoing cases are rendered still more terrible by the fact that there is no provision for sanitation and no water-supply!

In another instance, a family of six were found in a one-roomed hut for which they were paying 5s. a week. The eldest child is only seven years and the youngest twelve months.

A futile plea

The entire family are forced to share one bed, and their plight is shocking indeed, as three of the little ones are suffering from measles! This unfortunate family has lived on the marshes for two years!

An unemployed man with a wife and three children occupy a small caravan, which stands upon a plot flanked on one side by gypsy caravans and on the other by a pond that is covered with green slime.

Our object in giving publicity to these distressing facts is to press for action on the part of the local authorities. It is futile for them to plead that they are powerless or to refer to the general housing shortage.

Recent figures show that there are 2,567 people in Erith living in overcrowded conditions apart from the hundreds living in barns, sheds, etc. Yet the building programme shows that for four years houses were only produced at the rate of fourteen per annum!

When will something be done to relieve the suffering and distress of the unfortunate people?

So much is written in these days of a democratic Press, says our contributor, attacking the incomes of peers of the realm, their rents and royalties; and challenging their very right to exist, that the average citizen almost takes it for granted that there is no answer to the challenge

A Peer Hits Back

by **LORD STRATHSPEY**

IF any argument were wanted that the existence of hereditary rank springs from a much more deep-seated instinct than that giving rise to the demand for social equality, it is in the Socialist movement itself.

If heredity of position is a bad thing, then Socialism, even at its present stage of unfulfilled development, is well on the road to perdition.

I do not wish to say anything about the creation of Socialist peers during the short term in which Labour held office. That step was prompted by certain political considerations which could hardly have been avoided without an unnecessary disturbance of the Parliamentary machine.

The question of titles, in fact, does not necessarily arise. It is possible to have the establishment of an hereditary class without the creation of dukes, earls and marquises. The principals may be plain "Mister," and yet be prominently distinguished from the rest of society because of the fame and achievement of their parents or forebears.

The British Labour Movement, as we know it, is only a generation old. Most of the men who gave it the impetus necessary to bring it to its present powerful position are not yet grown old. And already we have a second generation of hereditary Labour leaders who owe their place in the councils of democracy largely to the fact that they are their fathers' sons.

Blood thicker than water

There is the case of a famous ex-Cabinet Minister, for whose political abilities we have all considerable respect. He has two sons who have also come well to the front in the Socialist movement.

One holds a responsible position at the Labour Party headquarters, and the other, I believe, had the opportunity of performing useful service to the late Labour Government in his capacity as a barrister.

The man who made Poplar what it is to-day, the most Socialistic borough in the whole of England, is George Lansbury. I find on consulting the books of reference that the present Mayor of Poplar is one Edgar Lansbury, who, I am informed, is George Lansbury's son.

There are a dozen other illustrations of my argument which are almost as noteworthy. I once heard a young friend of my own who professed the Socialist creed discuss the books of a certain writer. She was most enthusiastic.

"You know," she said, "he is the son-in-law of Karl Marx!" Her voice trembled with admiration. He meant much more to her as a relative of a famous revolutionary economist than as a clever writer.

The mote and the beam

I am not sure whether Lenin, the greatest of all revolutionists, had any children. If he had, and his son paid a visit to this country, our "democrats" would be tumbling over one another for a sight of him.

They would have receptions in his honour, and would otherwise pay him their respects as ardently as the Royalists of a former day to a Stuart returning from exile.

I am not saying that this is a bad instinct. My contention is that the hereditary principle is ineradicable and can never be abolished. You may dispossess the present aristocracy, but it will only be to give place to another.

In the cases I have mentioned of the sons of British Socialists having succeeded to the family honours, I do not suggest that the young men concerned are not amply qualified for their positions. No doubt they are as well equipped mentally as their fathers.

They may have inherited those very qualities to which the first generation owe their success. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that the names they bear have had a powerful influence over the rank and file of the movement who have consented to their election to a place among the leaders.

If their fathers gave them some personal assistance, I do not blame them. It is a perfectly natural thing to do: Only, it is very inconsistent of the Socialists to cavil at the existence of a hereditary House of Lords, when they themselves are guilty of precisely the same "offence" as the founders of the aristocracy.

The tickle of a title

There is another aspect of the question which lays the "Red men" open to more severe criticism. It is bad enough to create an aristocracy of their own, but it is infinitely worse when they fawn before the existing aristocracy for which they profess to have so deep a hatred.

I suggest seriously that a title goes further in the Labour Party than in any other. If a young man of noble rank joins the Conservative Party, he will not be given any preference because of that. A commoner with natural political talent stands a much better chance.

Does the same hold good in the Labour ranks? To judge from newspaper reports, it seems to me that the two most important figures on the Socialist platform to-day are Mr. Oswald Mosley, the son of an hereditary baronet, and his wife, Lady Cynthia, who as all the world knows is the daughter of the late Earl Curzon.

Recently Mr. Mosley announced that he had no intention of assuming his title of "Sir" when he should fall heir to it. Hereditary rank, he asserted, was incompatible with real democracy.

A useful lever

I am not so sure that he can abandon a title in this rather arbitrary fashion. He may if he chooses, be called plain "Mister" by his friends, or better still, "Comrade," but he will retain his little niche in the reference books as "Sir Oswald Mosley." That, however, is beside the point.

My contention is that had Mr. Mosley been socially insignificant, and had his good lady been a daughter of the people and unknown to the illustrated papers, they would have had a much stiffer fight to achieve that widespread publicity which is so necessary to eminence in the ranks of Labour.

We hear more about them, almost, than about Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself. Why? Because the Socialists are hypnotised by a title. For all their talk of equality, they are as much impressed by titular rank as a serf on a feudal estate in the Middle Ages. Probably more so.

In fact, if we take them at their word, and assume that there is something inherently wicked in the existence of titles, they are much more to be condemned. The serf did not know any better. They do.

Announce that a countess, a baronet or two, a fashionable society woman and the son of a

BARON STRATHSPEY, who succeeded to the title in 1915 and is the thirty-first chief of the clan Grant, was born and educated in New Zealand. He has led a useful life, for after serving in the war he entered municipal politics, and was member for Putney on the Wandsworth Borough Council. He is an active Committeeman in the Lords

* * *

Conservative Prime Minister will appear at a meeting convened to hasten the end of the present decrepit old order of things, and the Red men will turn out in battalions.

Democrats from "Debrett"

Announce instead Bill Jones, who has more brains than the whole of the other lot put together, but who has no credentials except that he is a humble son of the people, and the hall will be empty. That is a fact which cannot be disputed.

I am aware that this phenomenon is noted and regretted in certain quarters of the Socialist movement itself. The "arrival" of the democrats from "Debrett" has not been accomplished without friction.

There are still a few plain men left on the Labour benches who realise the inconsistency and absurdity of the whole business. They maintain, quite logically, that they should either stop employing titles or stop abusing them.

The fact that they have been overruled is another proof of my contention that wherever you go you will always find that the majority of people instinctively prefer a society divided by rank to any other. It is an instinct that is as old as the hills, as old, in fact, as Socialism itself, which is no new theory.

The cancer of corruption

Titled people, as a rule, are not antagonistic to the Labour movement. They are as sympathetic as any other class with those who fight to remedy the real evils of society.

But why waste time attacking the peerage as such? Abolish the House of Lords to-morrow, and you have not removed the causes of misrule. Dispossess every hereditary landowner in the country and you have still to solve the problem of poverty.

Call every man equal if you will, but you must yet find a cure for the cancer of corruption.

Let us all get together in finding the way towards that Merrie England in which there will be plenty and to spare for everyone, and never mind about the titles.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—No amount of window-dressing at the labour exchanges can obscure the fact that well over a million able-bodied workers are still without employment. At the same time, there is an insistent demand for the improvement of the main roads in the interests of motor transport. The men are ready, and the job is waiting. The next word is with you. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—In reply to the protest of the Friendly Society actuaries, who warn you that the Government Economy Bill menaces the solvency of the societies, you have found nothing better to say than that "economy must involve sacrifice in one direction or another." This is true; but the sick and disabled should be the last to suffer. This is the crux of the matter, and you know it.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., Eden Lodge, Tilford, Surrey.

SIR,—I wish there were more forward-looking politicians with your sane grasp of realities. Undoubtedly you are right in your contention that science is rapidly altering the whole conditions of modern industry, and that unless national organisation keeps pace with these new demands, we shall fall behind in the race. A shrewd and timely warning! JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. PERCY E. WILSON, St. Andrew's, Great Yarmouth.

DEAR SIR,—Of you it might almost literally be said, you sold all that you had to give your life to the poor. When the call came, you sacrificed a partnership in a business with an annual turnover of £100,000 in order to study for the Church. "It's nothing to make a song about," you say. "A parson should have lived and worked side by side with his fellows." Not many would have done it, though it would be a splendid destiny to become the recognised sky pilot of business men!
JOHN BULL.

To Sir JOHN ROSE BRADFORD, K.C.M.G., Manchester Square, W.

DEAR SIR,—Your fear that the public are not attracted by the policy adopted by some hospital authorities of accumulating debt is justified. Support is more likely to be forthcoming where there is good evidence of efficient financial control. We are a prudent people. The problem of finance is very difficult, and these are hard times, but I am convinced that where dignified methods of appeal are used, the response from the great-hearted public will always be adequate.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. PERCY A. BEST, President, Incorporated Assoc. Retail Distributors.

DEAR SIR,—I am disturbed that many teachers have given you concrete cases to prove that the best-trained children should not be sent into business, because all the fine character they gain in their education is attacked by the things they are asked to do in business. This is arguing from a small, unworthy percentage against the whole. There is in our midst an increasing spirit of integrity working to place British commercialism on a high plane. Surely business men must have the highest type of youngster from the schools to assist.
JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Com. the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P., Campden House Court, Kensington, W.

DEAR SIR,—Your suggestion that titles should be taxed is a good one. No one could object to a graduated scale, starting with £1,000 a year for the use of the title of duke, £800 for a marquis, down to, shall we say, 5s. for the holder of the O.B.E., and it would certainly help the revenue. If, under the scheme, title-holding was terminable on twelve months' notice, a truly splendid way out would be provided for those with the conscientious scruples of Comrades Oswald and Cynthia Mosley.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. NOSSITER, Bethnal Green.

DEAR SIR,—Your pastel portrait, done in your sixtieth year, of your wife is an excellent achievement. You are a retired machine-minder, and in view of the fact that your works are included in an exhibition of drawings, paintings and pastels, all by costers, unemployed, plasterers, and others, is another proof that monotonous daily toil need not necessarily deaden the soul. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. and Mrs. JAMES TOBIN, Copperfield Crescent, Leeds.

DEAR FRIENDS,—For two years, though living in the same house, you have never spoken to each other. This is dreadful. You did not woo and win each other in order to have some one not to speak to! Smile at the humour of it; destroy the potential tragedy of it! I urge you to look into each other's faces, and for old time's sake make it up again. JOHN BULL.

To Miss FOY QUILLER-COUCH, Fowey, Cornwall.

DEAR MADAM,—Your father, through his charming novel, has made Troy Town famous, but you have handed her the laurel-wreath of simple courage and humanity. In dangerous currents, with a heavy sea running, you rescued single-handed three foreign seamen whose boat, out of control, was in danger of being dashed on the rocks. A very gallant deed by a very gallant lady.
JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. STANTON and Miss STEPHENSON, Boulmer, Northumberland.

DEAR MESDAMES,—Thirty-five gallant women of your seaside village dragged the lifeboat over more than a mile of shingle during a blizzard of hail and snow, and laboured throughout the whole of the night. On their behalf you came to London to receive the testimonial of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Please take back this message from me: London would have been honoured to have received the lot, since grander women never yet have trodden its ancient streets.
JOHN BULL.

To the Very Rev. W. FOXLEY NORRIS, Dean of Westminster.

VERY REV. SIR,—Basing my information on a statement in a daily newspaper, I recently alleged that, by order of the Dean and Chapter, a number of poor families had been evicted "without mercy" from hovels in the vicinity of your Abbey, belonging to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The statement was without foundation, the property having passed out of Church hands years ago. I therefore offer you my sincere apologies while unreservedly withdrawing my charge.
JOHN BULL.

A PICTURE THAT WILL NOT BE SEEN AT THE ACADEMY

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD:—"When Moscow gets into the blood it is a very poisonous virus."

The greater pity that so many members of your Party take so much time and trouble to visit the area of infection.

MR. W. T. PHIPPS:—"Modern civilisation is seriously threatened by the tyranny of the machine."

A sane civilisation will master the machine, but refuse to be mastered by it.

SIR THOMAS ROYDEN:—"The shipowner is always the last to feel the effects of reviving trade."

And the ship worker the first to feel the effects of diminishing trade.

DR. H. SCHOFIELD:—"The time of high wages and mass production has definitely come to stay."

It would be a good thing if you could din that into the ears of manufacturers in this country.

Without Fear or Favour—*by The Editor*

WINSTON'S WILY WRIGGLE

The Failure

IF anything were needed to prove that Mr. Baldwin is an extremely courageous Premier, the fact that he did not shrink from adding Mr. Winston Churchill to his Cabinet should be sufficient.

We can imagine no more dangerous colleague, and Mr. Baldwin must be ruefully regretting the good will he and his Government have lost through his Chancellor's extraordinary antics.

That his financial incompetence is the despair of the Treasury is past history. We venture to predict that he will bring in no more Budgets. This is his last fling.

The country has been disgusted by the petty expedients to which he has been driven to cover up his mistakes.

He has raided the education of the children, pilfered from the Road Fund and robbed the Services Insurance Fund. He has reduced the State contribution to the Health Insurance Fund, and, with it all, has dismally failed to effect a single real economy.

He has been the sport of the spending departments, and the Admiralty and the War Office have twisted him round their little fingers.

Yet he knows that the country cannot afford an annual Budget of £800,000,000.

He knows, too, the directions in which huge cuts could have easily been made.

He knows, too, the shoulders that can, and should, bear the brunt of increased direct taxation.

His makeshifts and subterfuges leave us in a worse mess than ever. They leave us stranded in a vague morass of dishonest finance and unsound principles.

Churchill must go.

The Judge's Tip

IT is easy, on the grounds of his bachelordom, to throw ridicule on Mr. Justice McCardie's gentle advice to married couples. Doubtless he spoke in a spirit of raillery.

"All you want," he told the contending parties, "is the spirit of forgiveness, the spirit of kindness, the spirit of compromise, and the spirit of patience. Once these things triumph the difficulties vanish."

It is a tall order. Possibly those who laugh at the judge think them impossible. But marriage is a very great adventure, big enough to make it worth while to try big things.

We hope Mr. Justice McCardie's words will go home and sink deep. They are capable of an effect far beyond the confines of marriage.

For instance, if applied by those now attempting to find a sane and peaceable way out of our industrial difficulties, what might they not accomplish? That is all both sides need.

If they took of the spirit of forgiveness and kindness, the spirit of compromise and patience, sufficient to put themselves for a moment in the other fellow's place, all would soon be well.

A Great Government Scandal

EVASION on evasion, lie upon lie—such is the contemptible record of every Government since the war on the question of the promised compensation to civilian air-raid sufferers

WE have commented before on the disgraceful way in which Government after Government has evaded its clear obligation to carry out the promises made to civilian air-raid sufferers that their claims shall be the first charge on any reparations received from Germany.

A few weeks ago, dealing with the money paid to civilian sufferers from air raids during the war, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said: "There are the claims for compensation by those who suffered from air raids and bombardment during the war.

"These claims were scaled down from £25,000,000 to £12,500,000 by the Committee. They were definitely proved as war damage by that Committee. Only £5,000,000 have been paid. It is the intention of the Government, as of the preceding Government and of the Government before that, that only £5,000,000 shall be paid of that amount."

The claims of the sufferers have been pressed again and again, and statesman after statesman has wriggled and shuffled in the attempt to prove that either the claimants have no claim, or, alternatively, that the claims have been met.

The statement we have just quoted is a typical Parliamentary piece of jugglery—demonstrably clever and as demonstrably false.

It contains just enough truth to give it plausibility, and it also contains enough falsehood to make it a downright lie.

THE claims by air-raid and bombardment sufferers were not scaled down from £25,000,000 to £12,500,000. This latter sum was in reality the amount of all the claims passed by the Committee, and it does not, as a matter of fact, include some 15,000 claims against the Government for damage to insurable property.

The statement that £5,000,000 has been paid in compensation to those who suffered from air raids and bombardment during the war is about as far from the truth as it could possibly be. No doubt the Government would like us to believe that this sum has been paid to sufferers in this country.

In point of fact the claims admitted against this £5,000,000 fund range from the Baltic to the Pacific, and from Basra and the Southern Caucasus to Margate and Mozambique! A large amount was advanced to Turkish claims, and unknown but large amounts have been loaned to claimants in Belgium and the North of France.

The truth is that air-raid claimants in this country have only been paid the paltry sum of £400,000. It is even untrue that the £5,000,000 mentioned has been paid in full to anybody. There is still a large unexpended balance of this fund in hand amounting to nearly 10 per cent.

IT is worth analysing the Chancellor's statement in some detail to show how cleverly Ministers can deceive the country when they deliberately set out to achieve this end.

That this is a very human problem the following cases will show:

J. W. Page, of 70, Leicester Road, Quorn, volunteered for service in the war and left his wife, his son and his daughter at home. In an air raid on January 31, 1916, his wife, his son and his daughter were killed, and his home wrecked. He lost everything, including his engineer's tools and his civilian clothes. He was discharged from the Army with no home, nothing but the suit of khaki he stood in. After eight years he received the sum of £19 in full settlement!

Or take the case of David Elder, of Malvern. In the air raid of September 24, 1917, he lost a leg, and has suffered from nerve shock ever since. "My out-of-pocket expenses even," he says, "have not been paid me, let alone any recompense for loss of livelihood, loss of my leg and physical and mental suffering."

There are 60,000 such cases, and they constitute an indictment of Government trickery for which "betrayal" is too mild a word.

"MONEY cannot repay, all that debt but the filching of it would remain a disgrace upon the British Government for all time. . . . The Germans must pay this as a first claim; this must come before mere indemnity for war expenses."—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking as Premier, in March, 1919.

A Big Step

DESPITE appearances, things move. In the midst of all the depression and impending trouble that surrounds Europe there is emerging a sanity of thought that will, in the end, achieve miracles.

Hard facts are arguments that will always win in the end, and in every country these hard facts are forcing a revision of prejudiced theories and a new examination of possibilities.

Recently a famous European economist has set going an idea that may yet transform the face of the world.

"People," he says, "are now beginning to see the necessity of military disarmament, but equally urgent is disarmament in international trade policy."

The League of Nations has summoned an economic conference with the object of securing a more enlightened trade policy for the world in general and for Europe in particular.

If this conference has for its specific object "economic disarmament," enormous good may result.

It is dawning on thoughtful people that peace and prosperity depend on the freest possible trade intercourse between nations.

It is extraordinarily significant that the International Chamber of Commerce at its recent meetings has bluntly stated its wish for the removal of all artificial barriers to trade.

This is a fact on which the tariff tinkerers in all Governments might ponder deeply. If ever there was a condemnation of their policy this is it.

Another fact that should give them pause is that Saul also is among the prophets, for the idea of "economic disarmament" is being enthusiastically backed by the *Times*!

Whatever names economists and experts choose to give to the idea we have just outlined, we welcome it for the simplest of all reasons.

It is the soundest "horse sense."

The Skeleton Key

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

"INDUSTRY is on its trial, and capitalism also is on its trial. The whole industrial system is being challenged, not only by wild and foolish people, but also by serious thinkers and economists."
—Sir Alfred Mond.

Henry Ford

IT is rather surprising that, with men's minds turning more and more to a realisation of the absurdity and illogicality of war as a means of settling international disputes, there is not an equally rapid growth of the idea that industrial warfare is just as illogical.

It is true that industrial disputes are not fought with bombs, guns and bayonets; but it is true also that the results are broken lives, starvation and distress and widespread misery.

Moreover, just as in modern warfare, the "victory" of one side or the other settles nothing. Both have suffered; both continue to suffer; both are left with increased bitterness of feeling and a determination to "get their own back."

I think the stupidity with which we conduct our affairs is largely due to the prevalent fallacy that force is a Court of Final Appeal.

I call it a fallacy because I think it is obvious that all laws—which are the form in which force eventually crystallises—really depend for their usefulness on agreement, and not on force at all.

The foundation of law

The State says, for example, that it is a crime to break into a man's house and steal his goods. It prescribes penalties for the offence and empowers its representatives to see that these penalties are duly enforced.

But you and I, and some forty million other people, are the State, and this law is not really kept by fear at all. It is kept because the vast majority of us have agreed to keep it.

Suppose that half the population of the country decided to take up burglary as a profession—the so-called machinery of the law would be out of gear in a day and the result would be chaos.

All law is dependent on the reason and goodwill of the nation for its proper functioning.

We all of us see this very clearly when individuals take legal action against each other. They submit their dispute to a judge and jury, and agree to abide by the result. A judge as a man is powerless; a man as a judge wields the whole power of a nation's willingness to control itself.

We see it, perhaps not quite so clearly, in our Acts of Parliament. We may object to them, we may criticise them, but the majority of them work because we all agree to work them.

We do not seem to see it at all when we come to industry. We plunge straight back to the mentality of hundreds of years ago and pit force against force, use the strike and the lock-out and generally behave like untutored savages.

Now it seems to me that those who regard the present unrest in industry as symptomatic of the break-up of society and the advent of Communism are missing the point altogether.

Anarchy is always the result, not of unrest, but of the failure to find a cure for unrest.

This may seem obvious, but it is, nevertheless, a point that is far too frequently overlooked.

Anarchy may very well result from the labour troubles now seething round us if we cling obstinately to the present system of handling industry, and refuse to believe that there may be another and a better method.

I do not believe that the alternative to the present system is Socialism. To begin with, no one has ever been able to tell me what Socialism is.

I am told a lot of vague phrases about "production for use and not for profit," "the communal ownership of the means of production," and "the abolition of private enterprise," but not even the Socialists can explain in concrete terms what they mean by such phrases.

I believe Sir Alfred Mond was much nearer the mark when he pointed out the other day that during the last two generations an intelligent body of people had been educated and that they could not be treated in the way they were treated fifty years ago.

The fly in the ointment

Whether or not his suggestion of the legal recognition of co-partnership is the skeleton key that will unlock all the doors to prosperity I do not know. I am quite sure it is worth the serious consideration of both employers and trade unions.

We are still obsessed by the dangersous doctrine that there exists a fundamental antagonism between "capital" and "labour," between "employer" and "employed."

It is because of this obsession that the nation fools itself with the belief that the strike and the lock-out are inevitable evils.

A good deal of the trouble has come through allowing industry to become too closely interlocked with politics, with the result that the issues are always confused.

Why, if it is a sound and practical proposition to have a Parliament to discuss the nation's business and enact laws to further its interests, should it not be equally good business to establish an Industrial Parliament to deal solely with the needs and smooth running of industry?

A beautiful mirage

The working of our vast industrial machine by co-operation and agreement, by free and frank discussion and a joint effort by employers and employed to get the best out of it, has never yet been tried. Is it not worth trying?

It would necessitate an exchange of confidence between masters and men that does not, unfortunately, exist at present. But he would be a bold man who would say that such an exchange of confidence could never be attained.

A "living wage"—that beautiful, if vague, mirage that has now become the official policy of the Independent Labour Party—will never drop ready-made from heaven. At some stage in the proceedings it will have to be worked for. Even under a Socialist Government it would still have to be worked for.

The secret of high wages in America—and is not "high wage" another way of saying "living wage"?—is no secret at all. It is the result of confidence between employer and employed.

The employee knows that if he produces a lot he will be paid a lot. The employer knows that if he pays a lot he will get a lot of production. That, in simple language, is the "secret."

I do not see any reason why an Industrial Parliament should not infuse into English industry the spirit of achieving results by agreement instead of dissipating our energy on industrial civil war.

"But these things cannot be done without Acts of Parliament," you will say. Can they not? Did not the Lifeboat Association come into being by voluntary agreement, and is it not maintained by voluntary co-operation and enthusiasm and good will? And the hospitals? And the Red Cross? Is it not the result of voluntary organisation, sprung from spontaneous initiative and grown to an international immensity through goodwill?

Industries, like nations, are nowadays too closely interlocked for warfare to prove a paying game.

However the details may be worked out, there can be no question that co-operation, whole-hearted co-operation, is the only solution if we are to avoid a smash.

A Halo of

by the Very Rev. CANON

IN spite of our boasted humanity, we p barbaric form of punishment belo Individuals are paid to carry out a ser feeling shrink

SEVERAL recent cases of capital punishment have sharply arrested the attention of the public, and have deepened the concern of a large number of people in this tragic survival in Britain from the dark ages of the past.

The Very Rev. Canon Donaldson

Yet, in spite of the accumulated evidence with regard to all other crimes to the effect that horrible punishments were not deterrent, men still go on believing, in regard to murder, that the fear of the death penalty is an effective barrier to the crime, and is necessary for the protection of society.

Eleven European States, some Cantons of Switzerland, eight States in U.S.A., besides the Argentine, Brazil, Columbia, Latvia, Lithuania, Honduras and Uruguay, have abolished it. Yet Britain, "the land of hope and glory," still endures this relic of the past "dark ages."

Capital punishment does not deter—(1) because most murders are crimes of passion, not of forethought; and (2) those that are deliberate are nearly always done in the hope of escaping detection, which hope is often fulfilled.

Nor does the death penalty protect society, because its reactions upon the people induce a morbid contemplation of murders, and thus increase homicidal tendencies. Popular sympathy nearly always turns towards the criminal from the moment he is arrested, and this mainly because his life is at stake.

But, further, say what we may, the death penalty is a mode of revenge. It belongs to a primitive age of Hebrew morality—"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." It is alien from the spirit and mind of Christ.

A Nightmare Napoleon

by A. G. GARDINER

BRITAIN is still the most powerful nation in the world. In spite of disgruntled detractors, her influence is unassailed. Let the British people declare for peace and sabre-rattling swashbucklers will find their game is up!

I DO not think anyone who looks across the Channel can feel anything but the deepest disquiet about the future. No sooner do we seem to take a step forward in one direction than we seem to slide back a step in another.

We "hurrah" for Locarno and crown Sir Austen Chamberlain with bay leaves, only to find that the bottom has fallen out of Locarno at Geneva. Sir Austen drinks the "loving cup" at the Mansion House with the Germans and M. Briand gives us a moving vision of "the United States of Europe."

At last we are all under the umbrella of the League of Nations, Europe is stabilised on a basis of co-operation, disarmament is in sight. "God's in his heaven, All's right with the world."

No sooner have we got France into a more reasonable frame of mind and M. Poincaré, with his lighted match, put into cold storage, than Italy becomes the inflammable area with Senor Mussolini prancing about like a new Napoleon, filling every Chancellery with alarm.

Mussolini has taken the place of the ex-Kaiser as the "bad sleeper" of Europe, and his dreams of reviving the Roman Empire with the Mediterranean as an Italian lake keeps the whole Continent seething with unrest.

At one moment he is flourishing his fist in the face of Germany; at another he is hectoring over Austria; the next he is deep in intrigues in the Balkans; now Greece is challenged, now Turkey; and always his eye is on Asia Minor.

His negotiations with Yugoslavia, directed nominally against Austria, have alarmed France, which sees in such a movement a threat to the Little Entente which she has fostered for her own purposes and of which Yugoslavia is the key.

Belgrade is torn with dissensions, one party bidding for Italian support, another for French, a third for British. We are sought for our naval value, because while Mussolini is prepared to buy Yugoslavia for his own ends his domineering policy in the Adriatic refuses to allow that country its just and necessary access to the sea.

Therefore, says the pro-British faction, why not secure Great Britain as a friend? She would stand for the freedom of the seas. She would keep the Mediterranean open to us in the event of a Balkan war to which Mussolini's policy is drifting.

Two dangerous extremists

Meanwhile trouble is brewing elsewhere. The Locarno pact wiped the eye of Russia. It put Chicherin out of action. His policy had been to keep Germany out of the League and to attach her to Russia as an enemy of European reconciliation.

Locarno defeated that object and Chicherin's hopes of smashing the League, disintegrating Western Europe and permeating it with the pure milk of the Communist doctrine, seemed at an end.

But his hopes have revived with the Geneva fiasco, which left Germany still outside the League and the pact of Locarno on the knees of the gods.

Thus we see how one extreme plays into the hands of the other. Mussolini hammers the League, which he hates and fears, from one side; Chicherin hammers it from the other.

I do not think that the negotiations which have taken place between Moscow and Berlin mean that Germany wants to throw over the League and cast her lot in with Soviet Russia.

But they do show how perilous the position is, and that if the Mussolini policy of goading Germany and smashing the League is pursued, we may find Germany driven against her will into the arms of Soviet Russia, and the rest of Europe a boiling cauldron of national antagonisms into which we shall be drawn without the power to resist.

Flagrant breaches of solemn undertakings

It is evidence of the critical and unstable condition of affairs on the Continent that the promised conference on disarmament still hangs fire. It was proposed nearly a year ago, and preparations were made for it six months ago; but its postponement at the instance of France seems likely.

In the present universal reign of distrust, suspicion and intrigue, everybody abroad fights shy of the discussion of disarmament. It is the most urgent need of every country, for every country is being bled white by its military extravagances; but every country, while anxious to disarm everybody else, is equally anxious not to disarm itself. We are witnessing even at this moment the most flagrant breaches of solemn undertakings in regard to armaments.

Signor Mussolini

France is not only building submarines for Poland and for Greece: she is selling her own submarines to Rumania, in contravention of the convention which forbids the signatories replenishing other navies by selling their cast-offs to them.

Then there is the case of Abdel Krim, the Moroccan chief, whom France and Spain are trying to subdue. It is reported that in his camp "the supply of arms and ammunition is inexhaustible." Who is supplying these abundant stores?

A year ago at Geneva all the Great Powers signed a convention directed to stop the promiscuous trading in arms. It is true that the Convention has not been ratified, but it was signed, and now it is being flagrantly disregarded. By whom?

So far the only step to disarmament has been that taken at Washington, which limited the building of battleships. That has been honoured. For the moment the race in battleships has stopped.

But we are building a fleet of battle-cruisers more powerful than anything that has yet sailed the seas, and France is pouring out submarines and aircraft with the rapidity of a Ford factory.

This is not disarmament; it is only make-believe. It is competition in new terms. War must be the inevitable sequel if Europe is not given a lead out of the morass.

How we can spike the guns

Who can give that lead? America could have given it if she had not ingloriously and even shamefully turned her back on Europe. In her absence we alone can give it. We want for Europe nothing but peace.

We want that badly, for if Europe is not at peace we cannot be at peace. Our detachment and our power give us an authority and an influence that no other country possesses.

It is time we expressed that influence. Let us table our cards. Let us challenge Europe with a bold, definite policy that will lift it out of the chaos in which it is floundering. Mussolini and Chicherin are challenging it with rival policies of disruption. Let us challenge it with a policy of construction.

The keynote of such a policy must be the League, and the test of loyalty to that ideal must be preparedness to stop the competition in armaments.

Let us lay down frankly the measure of disarmament that we are ready to adopt. Let it be an assurance to Europe that we are in earnest.

If that lead is not followed, then we shall know who are the enemies of peace. We shall call their bluff and spike their guns. If it is followed—and I believe it will be—we shall start at last the rebuilding of the shattered edifice of European civilisation.

# of Hemp

CANON DONALDSON

...ity, we persist in retaining the most ...ment belonging to the dark ages. ...out a sentence from which civilised ...ng shrinks

It is called "retributive justice." In reality it is society effecting vengeance upon the sinner, instead of seeking to save him. It is not less murder because it is legal or because it is done not for personal but for (supposed) social ends.

We are beginning to apply high personal standards of justice and right to corporate life. Yet in regard to the death penalty we allow society to do what, in the individual, is in the eyes of the State a capital offence, and in the eyes of the Church a deadly sin. We go after the "lost sheep" indeed, but to destroy, not to save.

If I am asked, "What sentence would you substitute?" I reply: "For the crime of murder in the first degree, imprisonment for life"; but imprisonment which aims not at mere punishment, but at redemption.

There should be a great measure of hospital treatment in our criminal prisons. Capital punishment is the doctrine of despair. It is therefore practical atheism.

THE crowning argument against the death penalty is implied in the question, "What of the hangman?" Ought society to submit any human being to this incredible task? Ought we to entice by money bribes any fellow-creature to an office and ministry so appalling in its nature?

Who would ask a hangman to be his guest? Who would care for him as a friend and comrade? Yet, if we were consistent, ought we not to honour him as a great officer of State?

If he is necessary to "deter" men from crime and for the "protection of society," ought he not to rank with statesmen, bishops, judges and high officers of Army and Navy, and to be honoured in the land?

The fact that we hold the hangman in abhorrence and deny him his logical place of honour and privilege in the nation is proof positive that we are handling in the death penalty an instrument of which, in fact, we are ashamed.

"Capital Punishment" thus stands in the dock, arraigned by the moral consciousness of mankind. We who maintain it are the real criminals.

Enjoy a little luxury this weekend

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

Smoke a Manikin slowly, noting the fine bouquet and the Mild-Havana-Flavour of the delicate tip leaves from which it is made. An economical cigar—but very good.

Tenpence buys five of these choice little cigars, and each one gives a whole half-hour of luxurious cigar smoking enjoyment. Get a packet now while you think of it.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

5 for 10D.

THE ASSURANCE RAMP

GRATEFUL THANKS FROM POLICY HOLDERS

Magistrate Advises Recourse to "John Bull" Bureau

IT is gratifying in the midst of our industrial assurance campaign to receive a letter like the following:

"DEAR SIR,—I have to-day received from the insurance company free policy values of £16 2s. 3d. This money will be a very great help at a time when it is most needed. If I had not been a constant reader of your most valuable paper I should have been quite ignorant of the fact that there was anything owing to me.

"Now I thank you most sincerely for what you have done in getting the company to agree to pay what is owing to me. I feel grateful, too, for the prompt and kind way you have acted in this matter, for it is more than likely that the money will save me and my wife from a very difficult position.

"We both thank you with a full heart of gratitude.—W. D. STATHAM, Leys Cottage, Bierton, Aylesbury, Bucks."

This letter speaks for itself. Mr. Statham is one of many hundreds of thousands who, at one time or another, have been wrongfully dealt with by an insurance company. The company was owing him money, and he did not know it.

The surprise of his life

Then he read in JOHN BULL of the formation of our Industrial Assurance Bureau, and of our campaign to aid readers in the recovery of the money which rightly belongs to them. At the end of a few days he is £16 better off than he was before.

Here is another letter, no less striking:

"DEAR SIR,—I have had the surprise of my life. Following my correspondence with you, and your letter to the insurance company, the agent called on me on Monday and said that the company had decided to pay me the whole of the money due on the death of my little baby three years ago if I could produce the death certificate and my policy-book.

"I have no one else to thank for recovering this money other than yourself and Mr. Mashford, who is in charge of your Bureau. I wish you and all your readers the best of luck.

"Again thanking you for my support, (Mrs.) JAS. CRITCHLEY, 13, Smithfield Lane, Little Hulton, Bolton."

Space does not permit of our quoting in full further letters from grateful readers who have recovered money from the industrial insurance companies through the instrumentality of our Bureau, but we can at least mention a few more successful claimants during the past week.

Getting the wind up

Here is a list selected at random: Mr. Dewar, of Moss Road, Shieldhall, Glasgow, has received £10; Mr. Sinclair, of Delmeny Avenue, London, N.7, £3 4s.; Mr. Cox, of Ambrose Street, Bermondsey, £2 2s.; Mrs. Wilkinson, of Hull, £16; Mrs. Robinson, of Hull, £25; Mrs. Harrison, of Dundee, £20; Mrs. Watson, of Hull, £12 8s.; Mrs. Jones, Bury Street, Llanelly, £3 12s.; and Mr. G. Finch, of High Wycombe, Bucks, £17 14s. 6d.

There is a touch of humour in the case of Mrs. S. Kelly, of Richmond-terrace, Hull. Mrs. Kelly had made two applications to the insurance company concerned for a refund of money which was undoubtedly due to her. She could get no satisfaction until she called at the chief office of the company informing them that she had placed the matter in our hands.

The effect was miraculous. Within two days she was paid £32 in respect of a policy on the life of her late husband.

Supporters in the know

What can be done in these cases can be done in hundreds of thousands more. There is not a street in village or town throughout the length and breadth of the land where money cannot be recovered.

This fact is well known not only

Mr. W. E. Mashford, in charge of our Industrial Assurance Bureau

to the insurance companies but to the public officials and others who have any insight whatever into the scandal of industrial assurance.

These latter are among the strongest supporters of our campaign, as is illustrated by an incident which occurred only the other day.

The best advice

A man who was not a reader of JOHN BULL applied to one of the most famous police-courts in London to see what steps he might take for the recovery of £11 which he thought was due to him by an industrial insurance company.

The magistrate told him that the best advice he could give him would be to take the matter to the JOHN BULL Industrial Assurance Bureau. The man did so and there is no doubt that this money will be recovered.

The astonishing success already achieved by Mr. W. E. Mashford, who is in charge of our Bureau, through the Policy Holders' Protection Association, cannot be too well advertised.

For the last twenty-five years Mr. Mashford, with no great resources behind him and almost single-handed, has been working for policy-holders in various parts of the country. During the last fifteen years he has confined his energies entirely to his own city of Hull.

Even in this limited area his success has been nothing short of miraculous, the total amount of money recovered being no less than £25,000.

Especially was this so during the war period, when the absence of the men-folk made trickery and evasion easy for the companies. He recovered thousands of pounds for widows whose husbands were killed.

In over 350 cases the money had been withheld by the companies on the grounds that the policies had lapsed owing to the cessation of premiums on the husband's departure.

Fighting a great combine

The companies knew well, although the policy-holders did not know, that under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act of 1914 it was illegal for industrial policies to be lapsed between August, 1914, and March, 1924, unless special application on each policy was made to the courts.

There are still millions of pounds in this direction alone which can be recovered if the policy-holders only knew that they could take action.

The point that must not be lost sight of is that Mr. Mashford, while receiving splendid support from Lord Cardross and a few public-spirited residents in Hull, had then only a very tiny organisation to fight a gigantic combine.

His success proves how absolutely sound the case is against the industrial assurance companies. If such striking results can be achieved in Hull, what cannot be done when the whole country is tackled?

Let us consider in detail one of the cases referred to above to illustrate exactly how money may be recovered for the individual policy-holder.

Widow's cruel plight

Mr. Thomas Wilkinson was an ex-soldier with a small pension. He paid premiums for many years until he had to be removed to the infirmary, where he eventually died. While he was on his death-bed three policies held by his wife were forced to lapse.

She had no further resources to continue the premiums. She was told by the insurance company that, owing to the lapsing, she had lost all her money, and when the death of her husband came along it refused to pay her a single penny.

Mrs. Wilkinson thought, like many more, that she had no claim, but she submitted her case to Mr. Mashford.

The matter was taken up before the court at Hull when it was proved that the service of a lapsed notice was illegal, and it was further ordered that she should be paid the sum of £16 less arrears.

Mrs. Wilkinson is only one poor victim of the companies. There are thousands of others.

Your new Suit!

LET Barry's, the Famous Tailors, make your new suit for you to your special measures under the unrivalled guarantee that if you are not perfectly satisfied at every point, 2/6 over and above the amount you have paid shall be refunded to you.

A lifetime of experience in clothes-building is at your service. The choicest materials ever woven are submitted for your consideration—and impose not the slightest obligation on you to purchase.

Famous Men Dressed by BARRY.

Left to Right:—
Jack Hobbs, Steve Donoghue, Willie Smith, Jack Rutherford, Charlie Chaplin, J. W. Hearne, Syd. Jordan.

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FREE Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Learn how to measure yourself in a few seconds with an accuracy rivalling that of the qualified tailor. We absolutely guarantee the result.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS OR CALL.
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A LONDON SHRUNK, TWO-FOLD PURE WORSTED YARN, 100% ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT
Made to your Special Measures
for **£3 : 3 : 0**

ALL WOOL TWEED SUIT	AN £8 : 8 : 0 WORSTED SUIT
to measure for	to measure for
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The Famous **BARRICO** Tailor-made **TRENCH COAT**
(The Absolutely Genuine Officers' 4 in 1 model)

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Everybody should invest in a Barrico, for there is no coat on the market more serviceable in our variable climate. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oilskin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or snow. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your requirements for 30/- for this wonderful Coat, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

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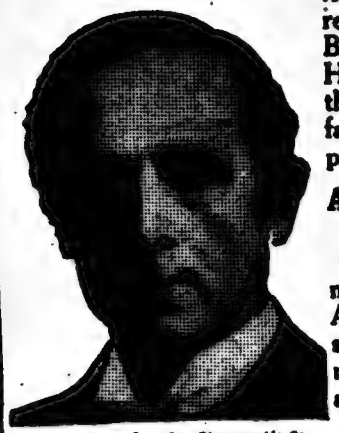
(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Termini)

FREE BOOK
ON DOCTORS' APPROVED TREATMENT OF
BRONCHITIS & ASTHMA

By B. W. HAIR, M.D.

The Registrar-General reports that in December 844 PEOPLE DIED FROM BRONCHITIS IN LONDON ALONE. The Highest Mortality of Any Disease.

DON'T let Bronchitis or Asthma wear down your vitality. You can quickly recover and avoid repeated attacks by taking Dr. Hair's Asthma and Bronchitis Cure, the unfailing liquid cure. Dr. Hair's treatment is so unique in its efficacy that the etiquette of the medical profession entirely fails to restrain doctors' spontaneous outbursts of personal testimony.


Photo] [London Stereoscopic Co.
The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure

A WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR WRITES:
December 12, 1925.

"Though it is not my practice to give testimonials to secret remedies, I consider that Hair's Asthma Cure has been before the Profession for so long that there is no objection to my adding my personal testimony to its efficacy in Asthma and Bronchitis.

Yours faithfully,
.....M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P."

The greatest British Asthma Specialist of to-day says: "... I have not seen one who, if there were no serious complications, no matter how long the duration of the asthma, could not be cured ...."

Why tolerate more suffering? Dr. Hair's is a household word in thousands of grateful homes. It is a liquid medicine, taken in teaspoonful doses, banishing the struggle for breath, and enabling the wearied sufferer to sleep peacefully and arise next morning refreshed.

CURED IN TWO WEEKS.

210, Charles Street, Boldon Colliery, Co. Durham,
March 16th, 1926.

"I have been suffering terribly from asthma the last two years with little sleep until I got a bottle of Dr. Hair's Cure. Within two weeks I am cured. Use this testimonial any way you think. I wish you the best of luck with your cure. (Signed) JAMES FORSTER."

SEND FOR DR. HAIR'S FREE BOOK TO-DAY. It explains the cause and treatment of Bronchitis and Asthma, gives valuable information on diet and hygiene and also includes wonderful testimony from Doctors and others. The coupon below can be sent in an unsealed envelope for a halfpenny.

EST? **Dr Hair's** 1876
ASTHMA CURE
THE PROVED LIQUID CURE

MAIL THIS TO-DAY

and receive free and post-paid a copy of Dr. Hair's 48pp. book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever and Catarrh.

To Dr. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE, Ltd. (Dept. 66),
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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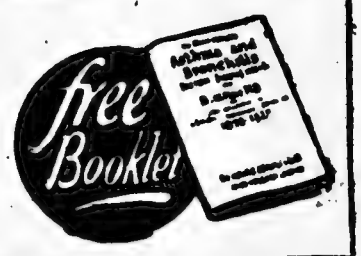
Send this coupon in an unsealed envelope for ½d. J.B. 1.5.26



This space has been taken by Boots The Chemists for the expression of the opinions of well-known people, concerning the activities of the firm.

WORK AND WELFARE.

By THE RIGHT HON. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

ON grounds of principle many of us have long demanded that the State and Local Authorities should be model employers. We try to make them be. But should we withhold a word of praise for the pioneers in the practice of this doctrine? Some few great firms have for long set a fine example, and among them is Boots, the Chemists of renown.

Employers must move at least as fast as public opinion in establishing better standards with regard to the amenities of workshop life, and must sanction improvements in the conditions of employment. The workman must be thought of as a human being with all the attributes of manhood, and with all the emotions, ambitions, desires and aspirations common to the poorest as well as the richest. An employee is never less valuable as a workman for being more appreciated as a man.

I have never felt any consuming interest in medicines, drugs, and the innumerable preparations which in great quantities are produced and used for relief and cure. But I feel a deep and abiding interest in the industrial and social welfare of that large body of employees whose labour meets the demand which the ailments of human nature create.

I have recently been able, together with a Parliamentary colleague (Mr. A. Hayday, M.P.), to inspect at leisure the great manufacturing establishment of Boots, in Nottingham, and I reject the view which I hope but few now entertain that it does not matter what employers may do in their relations with employees, because their motive is merely that of extracting all the profit they can from the service which they buy.

Whatever the truth of these speculations may be, it is an immense satisfaction in connection with great Works to see the provisions now made for the immediate relief of any physical distress. That relief is in the form of medical attendance on the premises, first-aid facilities, adequate hospital accommodation, skilled and sympathetic attention and assistance of visiting nurses.

At best, of course, the relation between the two sides must be a business relation, but there is another doctrine which deepens with advancing years and which, when practised by enlightened employers, imports into the meanest task a humanising and consoling element tending to improve the humblest service.

In a publication of the firm I find the statement that "as good wages are the basis of any welfare work, good working conditions are the foundation of any health scheme in the factory." It is essential, therefore, to avoid "bad lighting, poor ventilation, indifferent heating, because all such conditions result in lost time, lost wages, irritation and suffering."

It would be a hard judgment which decided that the motive of all this was a mercenary motive. I do not believe it is. I much prefer that employers instead of treating all questions of welfare with indifference should become enthusiastic in a cause which views every human unit in their service as engaged in a joint endeavour out of which both sides can secure a maximum advantage.

As a general body, employers move slowly. How far the worst can be pushed rests upon the degree of public spirit which impels a minority of earnest leaders in industrial welfare to go forward. The best cannot go very much ahead of the worst, but the worst must be kept from falling too far behind.

RETURN TICKETS TO JAIL

DRIVEN ON TO DISASTER

The Convict on the Kerb

HARDLY a week passes without our receiving a visit from some ex-convict, just released from one or other of the great penal settlements.

They come to us with pathetic appeals, in the hope that through the medium of a great newspaper they may find some means of starting life afresh.

They are men who have done wrong, and admit the fact. Their complaint invariably is that the vengeance of the community whose laws they have broken is pursuing them with a relentlessness which is out of all proportion to the crime they have committed and for which they have already suffered.

It is not disputed that many an offender is enabled, by the various agencies which exist for the purpose of aiding the discharged prisoner, to take a new grip of decent citizenship, and is never again likely to appear in the courts of justice.

But neither is it disputed that a very large proportion of men now classed as "habitual criminals" would never have erred after their first lapse and subsequent punishment had they been given a fair chance to make good.

Men who come back

A few days ago the following statement was made by a man just released after a long sentence:

"I was particularly struck during my spell at Dartmoor and elsewhere with the number of prisoners who had been discharged early in my term, and who reappeared again later, sometimes more than once.

"When I asked them why they had been foolish enough to go wrong after their first sentence, they invariably replied that they had no other choice, and that bad as imprisonment was, it was better than starvation."

This is not an overstatement. The tragedy could be illustrated a hundred times.

In some cases the man himself is to blame, mainly through lack of will power, a common enough weakness in criminal psychology. He has not the grit to face poverty, when the temptation is before him of making money easily by crooked methods.

In other cases, and they are the majority, the wretch is no sooner liberated after expiating one offence than he is hounded from pillar to post by a soulless economic system, until he has no choice but to commit another one.

The chance he gets

The organisation mainly responsible for attending to released prisoners is the Central Association, with offices at Buckingham Street, Strand, London. With the work of that

Mr. Justice Sankey, who has expressed the opinion that the problem of the habitual criminal would be solved if prisoners were given a chance to start afresh.

body we make no complaint whatever.

An "unofficial" branch of the Home Office, it is efficiently administered, and every effort is made to do the best possible within its scope to give the criminal a chance to make good.

Odds against him

When a man leaves prison a railway warrant is provided for the journey, either to London or to his native town, if he desires to go there. In the latter event he is given the address of the Central Association branch office, or if there is none, he can report to the local police-court missionary.

He is given, on first presenting himself, the sum of 25s., which will just cover the cost of a week's board and lodgings. He is told, meanwhile, that an effort will be made to find him employment, but that he must also look round on his own account.

At the end of the week, if he has not yet found a niche in the world of industry, he is given a second donation, just sufficient to keep him alive for a further week.

After that there is no further allowance for upkeep. He is adrift in a society which, to say the least of it, is inhospitable to the ex-criminal.

In some cases an outfit of tools may be found for a craftsman; in others, a small grant is made to enable a man to become a street-vendor, and a hawker's licence secured.

The tempter passes

Imagine the situation of one of the "lucky" criminals, who has been equipped at the expense of the community, trying to find a living for himself, and possibly for the family to whom he is still attached, by means of hawking on the kerb!

An old friend passes, a fellow-criminal whose acquaintance he has made in prison, or in the days of previous crime.

A suggestion is made that somewhere there is a "crib to crack" which means immediate wealth. The hawker need not be of very weak character to succumb to the temptation. A hundred pounds means so much.

He abandons his tray, and in a few days is in the hands of the police again. He goes back to prison for a longer sentence than before.

If an ex-convict tries to enter a great industry where trade union conditions obtain, he meets with insuperable difficulties. With a million and a half unemployed now on the registers, where can the ex-criminal be squeezed in?

And he cannot be put on the "dole," though in some parishes he may be given relief. There is, in short, nothing else for him to do but commit another crime, and he does it.

For that second crime the community is responsible and not the criminal. What are we going to do about it?

It is a terribly difficult problem, but if Parliament will have an enquiry, and the Members are actuated by sympathy and humanity, it can be solved.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Plans we made to protect trade,
See now what the fruit is!
Take the case of export lace
Without and with the duties.

Crooks, we hear, every year
On our shores intrude!
Is it hard to have them barred
For "moral turpitude"?

Brits can scarce this fact believe,
John can do no fishing.
But must stand rod in hand,
Watching, waiting, wishing.

What a task is this to-day!
A fairly cheap to do!
To roll that stone uphill, alone,
All the whole year through.

Break away from it all

—from all the monotony of daily life, the drudgery of the office, the deadly sameness of the shop, the everlasting clang of the machinery—into the free and open country on a Raleigh

for £1 down and 12 easy payments, or cash from £6 7s. 6d.

Isn't that a small price to pay for independence? And the Raleigh, guaranteed for ever, is always so dependable.

Send for the illustrated "Book of the Raleigh," free.

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Agents Everywhere.

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The *wise* cyclist chooses DUNLOP CYCLE TYRES

You know the reputation of Dunlop Tyres—how they are dependable—*always*.

Your cycling will be trouble-free if you fit tyres from the Dunlop range: there is a grade for every purse and purpose, and each is the best of its type.

Ask your Dealer to show you the complete range.

'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM.
Branches throughout the World. C.F.H.116

DUNLOP — THE STANDARD *by which* ALL TYRES *are* JUDGED

Mrs. Everyman:

I've been brought up to pay for everything as I get it, Mr. Drage

Mr. Drage: An excellent principle, but often impossible today, Mrs. Everyman.

Mrs. Everyman: My father drummed it into us "what you are unable to pay for, go without." But your system is so clear and generous we are taking the plunge.

Mr. Drage: The New Drage Way protects you absolutely. If through adverse circumstances you can't go on paying you just keep what you have paid for less a fair and reasonable deduction for use and cartage, and only return what you have not paid for.

Mrs. Everyman: My husband said "that's fair and straight business" and that I was to come to you. So I've chosen £120 worth of furniture, and I've a note of the terms my husband thought suitable.

Mr. Drage: What are they, Mrs. Everyman?

Mrs. Everyman: To pay £10 now and £3 a month afterwards.

Mr. Drage: I agree with your husband—very fair terms. So all the furniture will be delivered to your address at Palmer's Green within 48 hours from now; and £120 is the limit of your account. The plainly marked price on each article is all you pay.

Mrs. Everyman: And this is quite confidential, I hope, Mr. Drage.

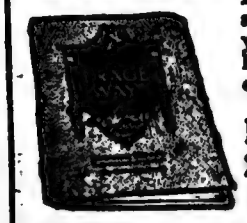
Mr. Drage: Entirely. From beginning to end we respect the confidence our customers place in us. A free Fire and Life Policy issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co. will be sent you, and our men will lay all floor coverings free.

Mrs. Everyman: We had the chance of a little home and could not have furnished it without your generous system. Your New Drage Way enables us to have our own home without worry or anxiety, and that's a great thing for family folk.

Drage Everyman advertisements are based on actual conversations and incidents

FURNISH OUT-OF-INCOME DRAGE'S WAY

It is simply this: All the guaranteed furniture, whether a single piece or a complete houseful, will be delivered in plain motors to any address in Great Britain carriage paid directly the first agreed instalment is paid. The balance is discharged by equal monthly payments spread over 1, 2 or 3 years. No references are required; the plainly marked prices on the furniture are all you pay, and a free Fire and Life Policy is given you. Should unforeseen circumstances arise you can depend on the utmost consideration, and if you are compelled to cease payment, you can keep what you have paid for, less a fair and reasonable deduction for use and cartage, and only return what you have not paid for.



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230 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

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Open from 9 to 6.30 (including Saturdays)
Close Thursdays at 1

The Famous Book of the Drage way gladly sent post free to all mentioning "John Bull"—

A WONDERFUL OFFER TO MEN!

Shave for 6 weeks at our expense

WE know that Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream is the best in the world, and we want YOU to know it too.

In order to let you test Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream thoroughly we offer you a big, half-size tube ABSOLUTELY FREE. Remember this tube is not just a sample with enough cream for five or six shaves, but a big free supply that will last five or six weeks, at least.

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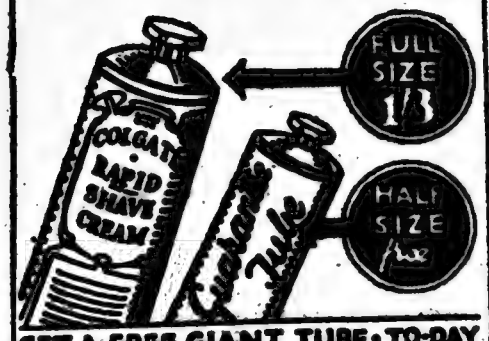

GET A FREE GIANT TUBE TO-DAY

BY the criminal inaction of the Government the necessities of life are allowed to be poisoned at the source. Profiteers wax fat at the expense of the health of the nation and children especially are innocent sufferers

THE POISONED MILK-JUG

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

IN a previous issue of this journal the systematic inspection, under the supervision of, or by, qualified veterinarians, of all cattle intended for human consumption, was advocated as absolutely essential if the trade in diseased meat is to be eliminated and a clean meat supply for the people is to be attained.

But there is something of far more importance than even a clean meat supply, and that is a pure milk supply.

Most purchasers of milk take it for granted that the milk they drink themselves, and the milk they give to their children, is pure. Is it?

Can it be pure when 40 per cent. of our dairy cows are infected with tuberculosis? There is little doubt that the actual percentage is higher than even that appalling figure.

The chief veterinary inspector of the city of Newcastle told a conference of experts last September that of one dairy herd he had inspected, 100 out of 128 beasts—that is 78.9 per cent.—were diseased with tuberculosis. In another herd the percentage was 81, in another 72.

Terrible price paid

Let me tell you the awful price that we are paying for the refusal of Governments to stop this death-dealing stream at its source.

The most authoritative figures showing the relation between tubercle-infected milk and tuberculosis in human beings were prepared in 1920 by Dr. Stanley Griffith, the authority on consumption.

He investigated 1,068 cases of persons suffering from the disease, and he established the fact that 37.55 per cent. of the patients under five years of age were suffering from bovine tuberculosis.

A few weeks ago the medical officer of health for the City of Manchester, who has had wide experience, placed the figure even higher. He declared that 50 per cent. of the children who are suffering from tuberculosis had drunk in the disease with their milk.

In the face of these figures one naturally asks why no Government has effectually grappled with the problem.

It is not through lack of knowledge of the existence of this poison-stream, for Government after Government has registered its recognition by passing tinkering Milk and Dairies Acts and issuing ineffectual Tuberculosis Orders.

It is because no Government has felt itself strong enough—or has been disinterested enough—to deal with the problem as it ought to be dealt with in face of the opposition of farmers and landowners.

The farmers' "No!"

Farmers—who naturally have the landlords on their side—resent any interference with their business even though that interference is in the interests of the health of the people, and even though that interference may work, ultimately, for their own good.

The average amount of milk produced per cow in Denmark is 550 gallons yearly. The average yearly production of an English cow is 440 gallons. The quality and quantity of the milk given by a cow is determined by the sire.

Last September it was decided, in order to improve our stock, to make the registration of bulls compulsory, as has been done, with excellent results, in the North of Ireland. The Farmers' Union protested.

Mr. Guinness weakly gave way. The farmer remains at liberty to save a few shillings by the employment of any weedy bull, to the further deterioration of his already disease-ridden stock.

A rejected offer

The chief veterinary inspector of the City of Edinburgh sent out to the farmers in his district an offer to put their herds,

Arnold Freeman Holt

free of cost, through the tuberculin test and to follow up the tests by advice.

Although the disease costs farmers an immense sum, in the aggregate, every year, only three accepted the offer. One dropped the test like a hot brick because it showed that his herd was 60 per cent. diseased; a second refused to follow the advice given to him.

Only one to whom the offer was made was willing to submit his herd to the test, and he subsequently relapsed.

Are we, then, to continue to permit our children to contract tuberculous joints and bones (two-thirds of our deformed children are deformed by tuberculosis) and tubercular glands through the presence in their milk of tubercle-bacilli week after week and year after year until it occurs to the farmers and stock-owners themselves to put their herds and their cowsheds in order?

Dam the poison stream!

Yet the only alternative is compulsion. The poison-stream must be cut off at its source. That source is the cowshed.

It can only be cut off by compulsory inspection, regular and systematised; compulsory treatment, segregation and, when absolutely necessary, slaughter of infected beasts; with, perhaps, compulsory standardised pasteurisation of all milk not of the certified or grade A qualities, purely as a temporary safeguard pending the success of a veterinary service in giving us a raw milk supply.

In certain parts of the country veterinary officers, by regular inspection and tests, and by working in co-operation with enlightened farmers and advising them, are proving that it is possible to free the milk supply, in their districts, from tubercle-bacilli.

The veterinary officer for Huddersfield, for instance, is doing splendid work. What is being done for the people of Huddersfield we require to be done for all our people.

In the veterinary officers of our big cities (who work in co-operation with medical officers of health on the one hand and with sanitary inspectors on the other) we have the nucleus of a national veterinary health service.

We want such a service to cover the whole country instead of certain favoured spots, for the poison-stream cannot be dried up so long as there are numerous uninspected reservoirs of infection to act as feeders.

Granted such a service, the first steps taken would be—(1) the licensing of all cowhouses where milk is produced; (2) the laying down of a minimum standard of sanitation for each; (3) the refusal of a licence to every milk producer who failed to bring his premises up to the standard.

The big "if"

Parliament has laid it down that all the premises in which milk is sold must be licensed. Why did it not ordain that all the premises in which the milk is produced must be licensed?

Is it because the milk producers have a bigger "pull" with authority than have the people who sell their produce?

In Manchester alone, in eighteen months, over 500 would-be milk-sellers have been refused licences because their premises did not reach the required standard, yet milk can be produced in insanitary cowsheds with impunity.

There is now an optional grading of milk. Licences are granted to farmers whose herds pass the tuberculin test to sell certified milk in bottles bearing the Government seal.

Many progressive farmers have taken these licences up—one-sixth of the milk supply of Reading, for instance, is milk of this description—but, unfortunately, this guaranteed pure milk is necessarily more expensive than ordinary milk.

The Government, in effect, says that if you can pay for pure milk and if it is sold in your district (a very big "if") they will guarantee that the milk you drink will not give you consumption. If not, you must take your chance.

If, say, you are lunching in a restaurant-car on the G.W.R. the milk supplied to you is certified milk. The bottle-fed baby in the third-class compartment is drinking in uncertified milk. The distinction is damnable!

All milk ought to be guaranteed pure, or until we attain that ideal each district ought to have a pasteurising plant to sterilise the supply of the district.

Certifying milk and pasteurising milk can only be temporary measures. Herds supplying certified milk are regularly inspected and tested, and cows which fail to pass the test are thrown out.

A national duty

They are sent to the market and are sold, to produce milk elsewhere, in spite of the fact that they have been rejected because they are infected. An increase in the number of certified herds, therefore, does not necessarily mean a diminution of disease.

What we must aim at is a pure raw milk supply for all.

Let us have a regular, universal system of inspection of all herds, with regular testing of all milk, by officers of a national veterinary health service, invested with whatever powers are necessary to compel backward farmers to carry out instructions, and this great shame, the infection of children by means of the food that ought to give them health, may be removed from us.

If you say "Hartley's, please!" and get something else—Ask why

Modern science and vast resources have enabled us to reduce the cost of making jam (under home-made conditions) to the minimum.

We get only a reasonable profit, and so does your grocer.

If you ask for Hartley's and are offered a substitute—ask why.

Hartley's Jams, which contain no glucose—no colouring matter—no preservatives—no pulp, and which are made only from the finest Fresh Fruit and Pure White Sugar, are sold to you at the lowest possible price consistent with quality; therefore, say "Hartley's, please!" and in the interest of your family and yourself—insist on getting it.

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Three ounces lighter than an umbrella.

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"Mattamac" Fabric is exceedingly compact. The Coat worn by the 6 ft. man beneath, when folded, just made this handful.

This is drawn from an actual photo of his hand and the "Mattamac" he wears, folded to fit snugly into his jacket pocket.

Made for Men, Women and Children

To order, please state Model and colour required, Height, Chest Measurement over waistcoat (Ladies measure over Dress), and enclose remittance.

Colours: Fawn, Olive, Grey, Nigger, Oliver, Powder Blue, Leaf Green, British, Copper, Pinkal, Tawny, Bottle, Russet, Navy, and Black.

Children's models for all ages at nine prices are illustrated in Booklet.

Direct drawings from photos of Stock "Mattamac" Stormproofs

MADE IN 11 MODELS, 15 SHADES, AND 40 SIZES

Adult unbelted "Mattamac" Coats cost 29/6, belted Models are 32/6. Also for Children at prices according to size. Conduit Street, its birthplace and the World's Overcoat centre, is represented in the graceful, tailored "hang," well-cut skirt, easy Raglan shoulders, and roomy "under-arms." Each true "Mattamac" has wind-strapped adjustable cuffs, well-made pockets, lined shoulders, and is guaranteed to be made entirely from the genuine all-weatherproof "Matta" (Regd.) Fabric.

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During the years of "Mattamac" development many requests have been made for a Silk Fabric Coat. Such a model has now been evolved.

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"Mattamac" thoroughness of manufacture is expressed in every square inch of the Silk it covers. The known resources and technique back the best of their kind. The "Mattamac" reputation for honest making is staked on the assertion that:—

The Super (Silk) "Mattamac" Stormproof for Ladies would be competitive value at 20/- to 25/- more than the price at which it is produced.

UNBELTED MODEL (17 oz.) 59/6
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The Super (Silk) "Mattamac" is supplied in Blue, Grey, Nigger, Sage Blue, Cinnamon, Taupe, Beetle Green, Silver Wing, Indra, Fawn, Copper, Royal Blue, Peacock, Red, Sienna, Almond Green, Bronze, Dark Navy and Black.

To order: Send height and chest measure (over Dress) and remittance, to Pearson Bros., the Sole Makers, stating colour needed, and you will be supplied direct on 7 days' free approval. You can, if you prefer, write for "Folder S.M. 29 B." illustrating this Coat, and also Natural coloured Sheep, in colours, to match, and embodying Order Form and colour samples of Super (Silk) "Mattamac" material.

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"Mattamac" Stormproofs are only obtainable from the "Mattamac" Showrooms and Branches, from our accredited Provincial Agents, and through the post from the Conduit Street Headquarters. If unable personally to inspect models, send your order with Remittance, or write for the "Mattamac" Booklet "29 B" to the Sole Makers:

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In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

AS an official of a great hospital, our contributor sees more of the tragedies of life than any of us. But he has the divine gift of seeing sunlight through the shadows, and in the story of many a sufferer finds a lesson of hope and real gladness. His is an inspired work.

LITTLE BABY SUNSHINE

Down in Poetry Street

I HAVE just been reading over again a book of poetry which was published some years ago. It describes a street in a working-class neighbourhood, and gives a graphic picture of the people living in it.

The poet tells of the old maid busy with her needle, of the schoolboy worrying over his homework, of the anxious mother bending over the cot of her sick child, and of Darby and Joan—ruminating on the good old days. It is all so wonderful because it is so human.

The other day I was called to a street in South-East London, which might have been the original of the one imagined by this poet. I was engaged upon a strange errand and, in spite of the anxiety of my mission, I was rather thrilled by its romance and adventure.

It is just a month ago that a young fellow in the early thirties came into my hospital. He was in great pain and a medical consultation was held to diagnose the cause of his trouble.

* * *

It dated back to 1917, when he was severely wounded in France, and from that time he had carried about with him a souvenir of those hellish days in the shape of a piece of shrapnel, which had lodged in one of his lungs.

For years it had lain there dormant, but at last it had set up a form of blood-poisoning, which had become a menace to his health and a danger to his life.

It was decided to keep him under observation for a few days, and during this time it was noticed that, although he was described as a married man, no one ever came to see him. Then, as there was no improvement and he was still in great pain, an operation was decided upon. It was a serious business and only a miracle of surgery could save him.

The memory of that night will remain fresh in my mind for a long time. When the news was broken to him, he showed neither fear nor funk, but he made a strange request. In a voice which quivered with excitement, he told me that he was about to become a father.

That was the reason his wife had not been to the hospital to visit him. "But," he said, and the tone in his voice betrayed his anxiety, "in case anything should happen to me, I should like to see her; do you think it's possible?"

* * *

That is why I journeyed to that street in South East London, and after I had gently broken the tidings to his wife, she came back at once with me to the hospital.

The strain of seeing her man under such circumstances was too much for her in her condition, and she had scarcely left him when she was taken ill and had to be placed in an emergency bed. The news of this was kept from her husband, but before he was carried into the operating theatre the next day, he was told that he was the father of a fine and healthy boy.

By a strange coincidence the child was born in the very hospital, just an hour before he was to undergo the critical operation in which life and death were hanging in the balance.

The age of miracles is not over, and of all places where they occur, a hospital is one of the most likely. That old proverb is still a truism of our life: "The doctor dressed my wounds, but God healed them."

Whether it was the superb skill of the surgeon, the will to live of the patient, or the influence of some strange unseen power, I know not, but to the amazement of doctor and nurse, the operation upon that man was wonderfully and successfully performed.

That piece of shrapnel with ragged edges, and traces of khaki cloth adhering to it, was safely taken away, and the collapse which so often happens with the removal of a foreign element from the body, was completely absent.

* * *

In a few hours the patient came round quite normally from the anæsthetic. He has made progress ever since, and to-day when I asked him how he was, his reply was elegant in its assurance. "I feel famous," he said.

Then, into his eyes there came a wonderful appeal. "Can I to-day?" he asked plaintively. It was the repetition of a question he had asked more than once. He wanted to see his child, but before it was considered advisable that he should not be excited in any way. Now he seemed so much better that his request was granted.

As the nurse carried in that tiny fragment of humanity, a look of unutterable joy came upon his face. Then, turning to the surgeon who had operated upon him, he murmured brokenly: "Thank God you saved my life!" There was a world of meaning in those words.

A Vicar's Appeal

S.O.S. to Frank Charles Paxton

LIKE many others, the inmates of a quiet country parsonage have turned to JOHN BULL in their troubles.

The Rev. G. L. Davey, Vicar of Weston-on-the-Green, Bicester, Oxfordshire, has written us a poignant letter, begging us to assist him to find Frank Charles Paxton, an orphan of seventeen who left the vicarage on March 21, on the spur of the moment.

The boy is about 5 ft. 10 ins. in height, and is fair, with deep-set eyes. He was wearing a dark brown suit, a blue shirt and collar with a black-and-white tie, and a brown cap.

It is known that he boarded a train for Paddington, but all else remains a mystery to his distressed guardians.

If Paxton, or any of his friends, should happen to read this, we wish them to know that at Weston-on-the-Green nothing but open arms await him if he returns home.

The Sentence of the Court

JIX'S ITCH

Heroism by Hypothesis

"NOT guilty, my lord; but, I warn them—let them beware!" exclaimed Sir William Joynson-Hicks, when charged with using provocative language in a public place. Having delivered himself of this characteristically melodramatic announcement, the Home Secretary struck a Napoleonic attitude and relapsed into most uncharacteristic silence.

"Unfortunately, this is not the first occasion upon which the accused has offended in this manner," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "for quite recently he had to be rapped across the knuckles for his notorious 'Let them beware!' oration, in which he spoke of the determination of the Government to see 'that the lives of the people are not imperilled' in the event of a revolutionary outbreak which nobody but himself was able to foresee.

"His latest indiscretion was committed in the course of a debate in which Sir Alan Burgoyne had been making hon. members' flesh creep with Grand Guignol stories of revolutionary preparations. This inspired Jix to announce that if anyone 'challenged the right of this democratic Government to maintain law and order, he would find that the Government would not be averse from taking up the challenge.'

"He also remarked that Mr. Saklatvala had for long been 'a great temptation' to him and that more than once his 'fingers had itched' when reading the Communist's speeches.

"If Saklatvala or any other dealer in poison-gas has been guilty of sedition, why has not the Home Secretary launched a prosecution? Obviously Jix cannot claim credit for resisting a temptation to enforce the law, since mere eloquence does not excuse negligence and acting is a poor substitute for action.

"If, on the other hand, no legal offence has been committed, speeches like that delivered by the accused can only be described as wantonly provocative."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client's remarks were based on the excellent principle that 'An itch in time saves nine.' Instead of being attacked for provoking discord, the Home Secretary deserved praise for his forbearance.

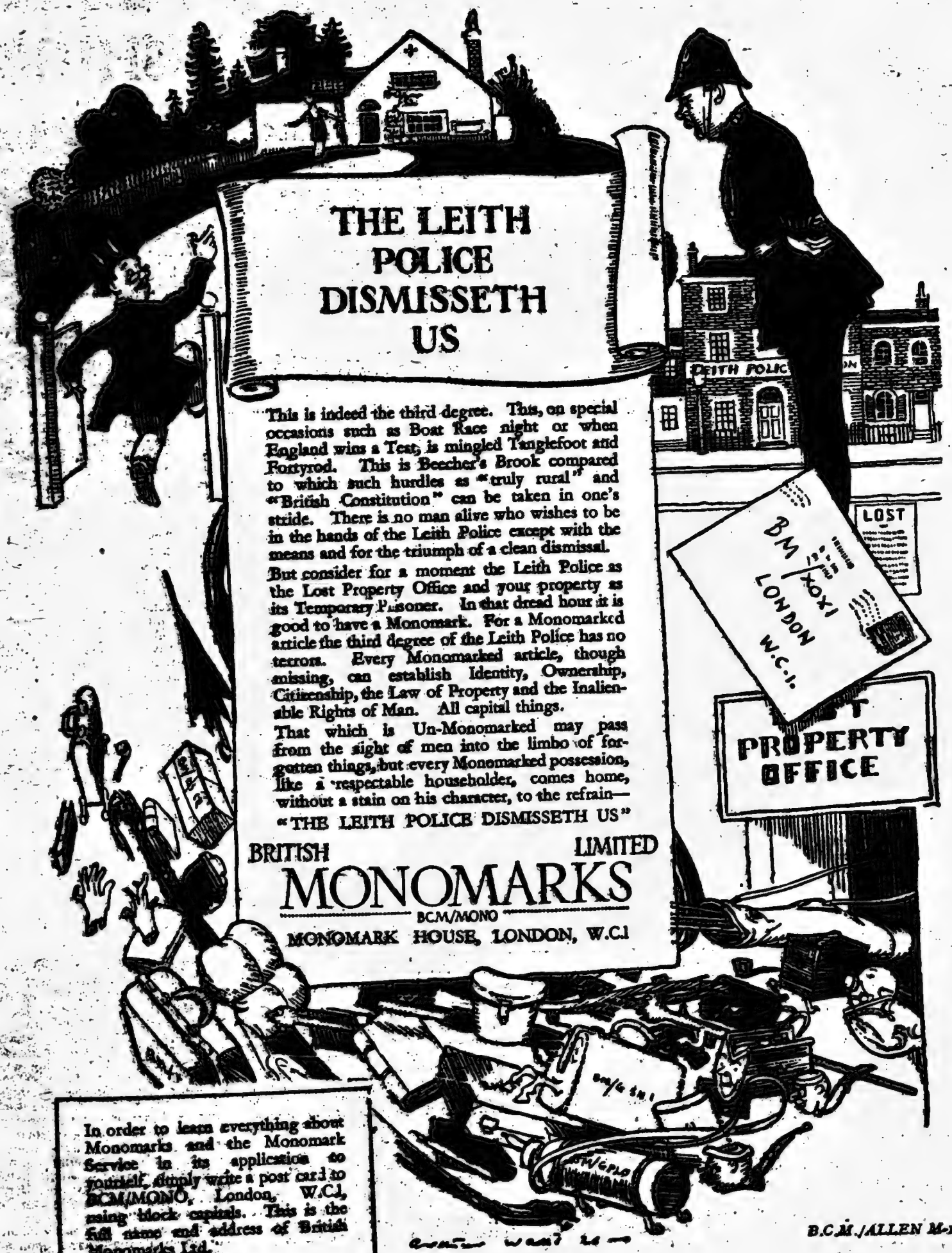
"Ajax, defying the lightning was a mere detail compared with 'a Jix' gazing at a cloudless sky and daring a non-existent thunderstorm to do its worst," said Mr. Justice Bull.

"The prisoner's habit of behaving like a hero in hypothetical circumstances is really a little disconcerting, while his picture of himself as a modern St. Anthony resisting temptation, despite the sirenian wiles of Comrade Saklatvala, would delight the heart of a caricaturist.

"My opinion of gentlemen of the Saklatvala breed is much the same as the prisoner's, but nothing is to be gained by bossting of what we would do to people we happen to dislike if only they would deliver themselves into our itching, clutching hands.

"Meanwhile I wish Sir William would not inflict his nightmares upon a public which is equally unimpressed by the rant of the 'reds' and the jeremiads of a Jix.

"I must direct that the prisoner be bound over (and gagged) until such time as it is possible to deal with the 'itch' in his proceedings as Home Secretary."



THE LEITH POLICE DISMISSETH US

This is indeed the third degree. This, on special occasions such as Boat Race night or when England wins a Test, is mingled Tanglefoot and Fortyrod. This is Beecher's Brook compared to which such hurdles as "truly rural" and "British Constitution" can be taken in one's stride. There is no man alive who wishes to be in the hands of the Leith Police except with the means and for the triumph of a clean dismissal.

But consider for a moment the Leith Police as the Lost Property Office and your property as its Temporary Prisoner. In that dread hour it is good to have a Monomark. For a Monomarked article the third degree of the Leith Police has no terrors. Every Monomarked article, though missing, can establish Identity, Ownership, Citizenship, the Law of Property and the Inalienable Rights of Man. All capital things.

That which is Un-Monomarked may pass from the sight of men into the limbo of forgotten things, but every Monomarked possession, like a respectable householder, comes home, without a stain on his character, to the refrain—

"THE LEITH POLICE DISMISSETH US"

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Insist on having Dr. Ridge's Food.

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DANCING FEET That Never Say "Go Home!"

A foot bath in hot "Saltrates" water is all you need. It does not affect sound healthy skin in the slightest degree, but acts only on the dead, hardened skin composing corns and callouses, which it softens just as water softens soap. Then pick the corn right out, root and all, like the hull out of a strawberry. Merely cutting the top off with a razor or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous. Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates (for the preparation of "Saltrates" water) have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effects it produces. In packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices, from all chemists. Ask them about it.

THE ORIGINAL—THE YELLOW PACKET

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

MORE THAN A BATH SALT

Words Winged to Women

THE danger of British girls marrying men of colour is growing acute. The question must be faced and definite instruction must be given

WHEN MARRIAGE IS FATAL

By **MABEL HORNER**

WHILE the world shall last the subject of love, courtship and marriage must be of the utmost importance. If we got to-morrow the perfect State, the most Elysian Utopia pictured by politicians or sung by poets, the mating of men and women would lose no jot or tittle of its claim upon our thoughts.

Upon the kind and character of the mate she takes depends woman's happiness. But more universally significant is the fact that upon proper or improper marriage depends the wellbeing or otherwise of the new generations that follow.

Therefore, it is right that we should clear our minds and know just where we stand upon the subject of mixed marriages. It is a vexed problem. It will become urgent as the world draws near to mutual disarmament. Friendliness follows understanding, and then the possibility of sex attraction is never far off.

Once the English and the Picts and Scots raided each other and never met without a pitched battle. Now we seldom remember that these isles are inhabited by different races. We are inextricably intermarried and the result is to our mutual good.

Funking plain speaking

It is less easy to speak confidently where in addition to nationality there is a colour bar. We have not in this country a colour problem such as leads America from time to time into disgraceful orgies of revenge, but occasionally the problem crops up.

At Liverpool, when Ivyna Reeves, a girl of eighteen, married a negro, there were wild scenes of disorder that ended in the police court. Ivyna's sister was already married to a black man and presumably happy, but that did not prevent youth being aroused in the neighbourhood that was compelled to witness this second union of black and white.

It was, nevertheless, scandalous to voice that protest in an actual free fight. What we need is more courage in giving definite teaching on the tremendous issues which hang upon marriage. *And that teaching is invariably shirked.*

In Stepney and Poplar marriages between Chinese and white girls still take place. At one time there was an "East-and-West" union at the rate of one a week. In seaport towns they are frequent.

White girls' tragic fate

An elderly business man in Liverpool asks me if I will undertake to warn women and girls of their inadvisability. He is a good man who firmly believes that every human being of whatever colour or clime is equally a child of God. He believes in the brotherhood of mankind.

But his unswerving testimony after long years of experience is that marriages between the East and West are wrong.

A Chinese husband may be kind to and adore his English wife, but the racial characteristics are poles apart. It is certain that if a white girl found herself in China with her yellow husband she would find the position untenable.

Such, too, is the testimony of missionary friends of mine who have witnessed young English girls lured by the attraction of Oriental students in this country. They have no status.

It was wise of the King of Siam to warn young men of his country coming as students to this country. Choose yourselves wives of your own countrywomen, he told them, it is more dignified.

So, too, is the case of white women asked to throw aside racial feeling and marry black men. They should refrain.

Lady Buckmaster, whose views on the general inadvisability of mixed marriages are well known

In the face of a life such as Booker T. Washington, the great negro scholar and teacher, none may deny the possibility of noble achievement that yet may lie hidden under their dusky skins.

But until, as a race, they are much further along the common path of development and citizenship, marriage with white women is frankly impossible. It is a wrong to the children who result.

And that is why we need to warn our children against the snare of mixed marriages, and not only to warn them, but give them sound reasons why.

[Women are invited to contribute their ideas on the subject treated of above, or to give their experience. Ten shillings is offered for the best letter received.]

THE RIGHT TO BE WRONG!

by **THOMAS BOWEN PARTINGTON**

I HAD recently given a lecture on "Morality" to an audience of men, and at the conclusion there came to me a young man who told me that he was quite opposed to what I had been saying.

His argument was something on these lines. "My body is my own, to do with as I like. If I choose to have a low moral standard, it is entirely my own affair. If, as a result of my immoral (as you would call them) actions I contract certain diseases, I claim it is still my own affair."

And I am convinced that this is a line of argument taken up by hundreds of young men and young women to-day.

My reply to him was something on these lines. "For argument's sake I will grant you the liberty, the right, you talk so much about provided you can make to me one guarantee. You shall first of all guarantee that as a result of the exercise of your liberty, your right, that no one else shall be made to suffer."

Suffering innocents

We are paying to-day a fearful price for all this liberty. I ought to say "innocent ones" are paying a fearful price. I admit we are doing all that is humanly possible for those who suffer. And at what a cost! A cost of millions of pounds each year to the State.

Liberty to drink—why, yes, so long as you do not injure others. But excess in alcohol is undoubtedly one of the greatest contributing factors to degeneracy.

Take the cases in prisons, reformatories, and similar institutions where you have a number of those who are called degenerates. A very large percentage of them can be proved to have inherited their condition.

A terrible toll

We are told that we produce 20,000 lunatics a year. Crime, imbecility and insanity would seem to be on the increase. The mere segregation of these unfortunates will never solve the problem.

We have got to get at the root of the whole trouble, and it would seem that there still have to be a curtailment of the liberty of those who bring such creatures into the world.

A false idea of liberty has allowed young men and young women to contract certain loathsome diseases, and still having them to marry. A large percentage of the child blindness is due to their diseases, a large percentage of the children deaf and dumb, children mentally deficient, many of whom are not 50 per cent. physically fit.

It comes down to this. It is a case of personal liberty against the rights of others. The latter has the greater claim. Every child born into this world has a perfect right to demand from its parents a clean bill of health.

If I knowingly expose others to the risk of contracting smallpox, if I sell unclean food and milk to others, if I so neglect the sanitation of my house that it becomes a public nuisance I shall be punished.

But others may live a life of absolute immorality, may marry, physically ruin his wife and be responsible for bringing into the world rotten children, and he can go unpunished.

A drastic course

There are to my mind only two ways out of the difficulty. One is by a policy of education of the people. Knowledge thus gained will undoubtedly make the majority realise as they have never realised before what are the rights of others.

If a person will not recognise the rights of others, of those he (or she) will one day be responsible for bringing into the world, then, perhaps, it would not be too drastic if there were taken from them the power of bringing these "others" into the world.

The London Girl

A New Material

"IF you want really good washing material for dresses try the new shang-tung, as you can get it in every colour. It is much softer and silkier than it used to be," writes Lady Kitty Vincent in an interesting feature for the fair sex in this week's *London Mail*. Look out for the two-colour cover on Friday.

That perfect shape will last

if you would cycle in comfort when your saddle is no longer new that saddle must be a Brooks.

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We send out our Garments to any part of the world, and they are delivered at your door. YOU PAY NO MONEY. Simply send your order—NOT ONE PENNY. When you receive the goods arrive—PAY THE POSTMAN. They will be delivered to you carriage paid, and all Government C.O.D. charges paid. YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL IF NOT SATISFIED after inspection. Post first of all send for FREE STYLE-BOOK AND PATTERNS, etc., to see what you want. Write NOW to

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HAD TO CUT HAIR AWAY

Distressing Scalp Trouble Cured by Zam-Buk

Lily Lakey

"MY daughter Lily had two nasty sores on her head," says Mrs. Lakey, of 76, Eden Grove, Holloway, N.7. "I had to cut the hair away all round. The places were inflamed and tender—she screamed when they were touched.

"The irritation was a sore trial to Lily. I found it necessary to bandage the head up to prevent her scratching. Lily's sores were bathed regularly; different ointments were used, but the disease proved very obstinate.

"Then I read about Zam-Buk. A free sample showed such promise that I carried on with the balm, using Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap to cleanse the scalp. The irritation was eased, the sores died away altogether, and Lily's head is now healthy and her hair has grown again."

ERUPTIONS ON BACK & CHEST—

Mr. R. Jeeves writes from 1a Bk., Craven Street, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury:—"My skin trouble started with a rash on the chest, and soon turned into a patch of burning sores, and gradually spread to my back. I couldn't lie on my right side. Zam-Buk however was wonderfully soothing. It soon dried up the sores and gave me a healthy skin."

LEG ULCERS HEALED—

Mrs. S. J. Bannister, of 24, Baptist End Lane, Netherton, Dudley, says:—"Deep running ulcers formed on my leg. I can't describe the frightful pain I spent a small fortune trying to get the leg better. But all the remedies failed, until I used Zam-Buk. By this balm alone my ulcers were cleared of impurity, and filled with new healthy flesh."

Zam-Buk is for boils, &c., 2/- for family size. Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap 1/- per tablet.

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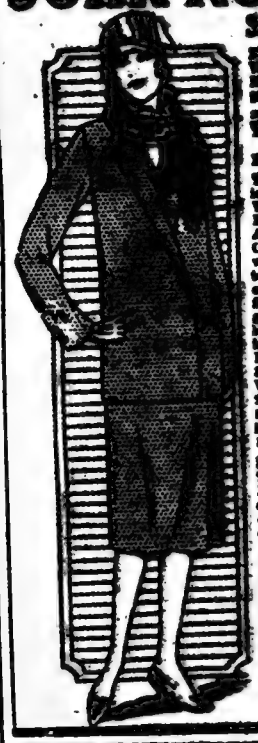
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Real Seamless Woven
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Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Two shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

A Miracle of Love

Robbing a Widow—A Mother's Problem—Unequal Yoke

"AFTER years of misery, I am writing to ask your advice. I am a young man nearly thirty, and ever since I can remember, there has been nothing but trouble in our home.

"We are four in family—father, mother, sister and myself. We have health and regular employment, and should be perfectly happy but for my father.

"It may seem shocking to say about one's own father, but when I say he is a hog, a drunkard, and a selfish bully, I am only telling the truth.

"By way of contrast, my mother is, I think, the sweetest woman in the world, and in my eyes she is as free from faults as my father is full of them.

"I cannot tell you one-tenth of what my wonderful mother has done to show her devotion to her brutal husband, and try to wean him from his wicked ways. When he joined up in 1915, he left her a pile of debts.

"While he was at the front, my poor mother contrived to pay these down by shaving from four or five in the morning until midnight.

"I confess, 'Humanist,' that I hoped my father would find a soldier's grave in France, but it seems that the devil looks after his own, for when 3,000 men went over the top, and only twenty-seven came back, he was one of them.

"HE was no different when he returned—if possible, he was worse. I have had to stand up and fight him when he has threatened my mother, and drag him off when he has tried to strangle her.

"In her anxiety to screen him and save our reputation, my mother has always spoken well of him, and if he were ever charged with cruelty, no doubt he would call neighbours and friends to witness that she has always described him as a good sort, so apparently she must continue to suffer for her generosity.

"Can you suggest a way of putting an end to this fearful misery?"

"HUMANIST" says: *The submissiveness of wives to the continued brutality of cruel husbands is one of the amazing miracles of love, but long-suffering can be carried too far, until it simply confirms the bully in his brutality. Your mother should have no difficulty in obtaining a separation order, except that she could tell you and your sister all business to your father's persistent cruelty, and she should have a chat with the police-court missionary on the matter.*

* * *

"UP till a few years ago, my father was in very good circumstances, although he was a well-educated man, he was very unfortunate in business, and things were looking very gloomy when his partner died.

Stolen Happiness

"Soon afterwards, matters seemed to improve, and my father told me that his luck had turned, and that he had made a very profitable venture. We took a house outside the town, and were able to live in comparative luxury.

"I became acquainted with a young farmer, who was very worried financially, his place, a large one, being heavily mortgaged.

"My father, when he saw that we wanted to get married, said that he would settle sufficient money upon me to clear off this burden of debt, and the wedding was arranged.

"Just before it was due to take place, however, my father met with a fatal accident, and before he died he told me that the money he had settled on me belonged by right to his partner's widow and children, who themselves were very poorly provided for.

"What am I to do? If I give up this money we may not be able to marry for years, while, if I say nothing, and go on using it, I am afraid I shall always have the feeling that my happiness is stolen."

"HUMANIST" says: *You must, of course, at once restore the money to restore it to its rightful owners. A dead man cannot be punished for his sin, but it is your duty to make restitution, and your stolen happiness would always be as bitter as Dead Sea fruit.*

* * *

"MY husband died twelve years ago, leaving me with three boys to rear, and no means whatever. I worked very hard to bring them up respectably, and contrived by incessant toil to start them in life without ever having had to accept parish relief.

Ungrateful Sons

"During the first years of my widowhood, I received several offers of marriage, but I refused them all, and remained content to devote my life to my children.

"Now they are grown up, and all three are out of work. Two of them are getting the 'dole,' and what they give me, together with a small pension which I receive, has to keep the home going.

"The worry of making both ends meet, however, is telling badly on my nerves. I am broken down in health through many years of overwork, and the attitude of my sons is making me worse.

"I should have nourishing food, but I cannot afford it, for my boys, instead of being grateful for all the sacrifices I have made, withhold as much money as possible for their own amusements.

"My sister wants me to give up my home and live with her, leaving my sons to do the best they can for themselves. It is what they deserve, but if they should go wrong, I should blame myself.

"Yet I long to give up the struggle of keeping a home going on my insufficient means, and receiving no thanks for it. Please tell me what I should do."

"HUMANIST" says: *Go to your sister by all means, if your sons are so selfish and ungrateful that they will not sacrifice their own pleasures to provide property for your wants. Only be forced to the bitter reflection that there are people with such natures that they will never recognise a debt until it is too late to pay it.*

For Lonely Souls

IN most of the cases dealt with by "Humanist" there is some relative who can help, but we have many applications for assistance from lonely widows and orphans who find themselves left to struggle alone. You can be father, mother, brother or sister to such forlorn souls by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, which grants succour to those who are otherwise friendless. See page 42.

"MY youngest brother, twenty-six years old, is engaged to be married to a girl who, we have just discovered, is a Mormon by religion.

A Mormon Bride

"My widowed mother, with whom he resides, is horrified at this discovery, and is anxious that the marriage should not take place. He, however, will not listen to her arguments, and declares that Mormonism is as good a religion as any other.

"The girl seems to have been trying to convert him, with the aid of a couple of missionaries, and will not consider giving up her religion; while, on the other hand, he will not stop her faith.

"As the matter stands, apparently, they intend to hold to their respective religions after marriage, though my brother stipulates that any children shall be brought up in his way.

"Will you please explain the Mormon creed to me, and tell me what you think should be done, for the problem is causing my mother great distress?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is not necessary to explain the Mormon creed in order to solve your problem. Unless the couple can agree one way or the other on religious matters, it would be extremely unwise for them to wed, for most compacts regarding the upbringing of children in mixed marriages cause grave dissension when it comes to fulfilment.*

* * *

A Single Sin

"My husband was unfaithful to me while he was away on holiday. He says now he is sorry, but I feel I can never trust him again. Is it necessary to prove cruelty or desertion in order to obtain a divorce?"

"Humanist" says: *If committed since July 18, 1923, adultery alone is sufficient ground for divorce. But don't you think forgiveness of a single sin should be considered rather than separation? Try to regain your husband's devotion before you determine to cast him off.*

Baby's Birthright

"I find that the charge made by a foster-mother for looking after my illegitimate child leaves me nothing for myself out of the amount paid by the father. Can you advise me how to get the little one adopted inexpensively?"

"Humanist" says: *Money paid under an affiliation order is intended to be devoted entirely to the welfare of the child, and if you spend it on yourself you are robbing your baby of its poor birthright. Can you not look after the little one yourself and give it a mother's love?*

The Mother's Child

"My aunt has an illegitimate child whose father has until recently contributed £4 [illegible] maintenance. He now declares that he is going to be married and intends to take the child away and look after it in his own home. We have all become so fond of the little one that we cannot bear to let it go, but he says if we refuse he will stop payment."

"Humanist" says: *The father of an illegitimate child has no control over it whatever and cannot take it away from its mother. In the event of any attempt to remove the child or refusal to pay for its maintenance, the mother should go personally to the court which made the order and report the circumstances.*

SECRETS of FAMOUS CRIMES

Sir Richard Muir's Enthralling Memoirs

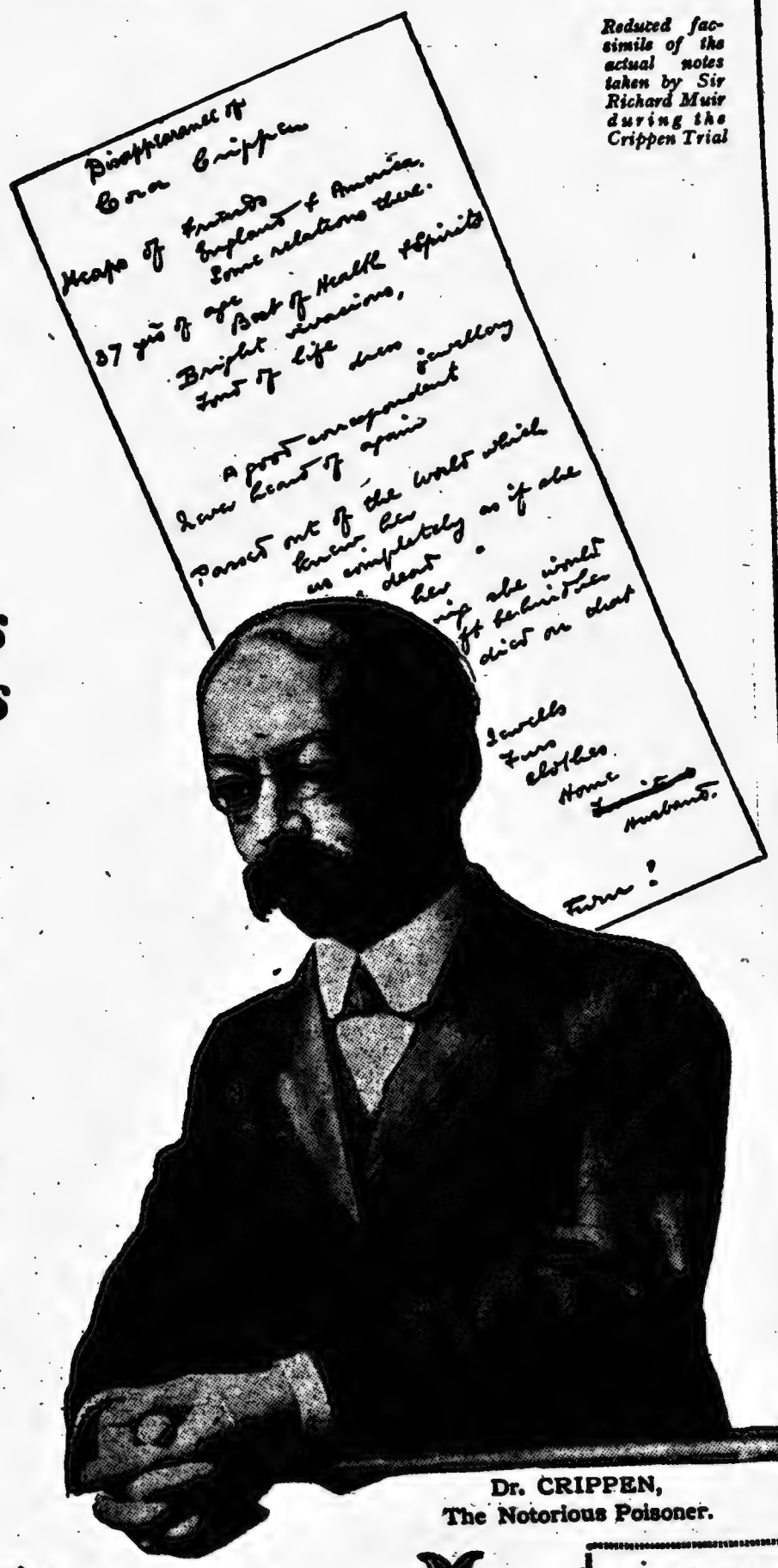
FOR a quarter of a century Sir Richard Muir was the outstanding figure at the criminal bar. The cases in which he appeared were among the most sensational in the history of crime. For the first time in journalism the private and personal notes of a great criminal prosecutor are being made public in Sir Richard Muir's enthralling memoirs which are now running exclusively in "The People."

Sir Richard's notes are tabloid drama. On sheets of paper he tabulated his questions; with coloured crayons he emphasised his points; and when he finally placed his "cards"—as his colleagues termed his notes—upon the table, the evidence for the defence had been riddled and smashed.

Dr. Crippen, the poisoner, Whitaker Wright, the juggler with phantom millions, Steinie Morrison, the Clapham Common murderer, Seddon, "Chicago May," and scores of other criminals, quailed before his merciless logic.

Next Sunday's "People" contains disclosures of a startling nature.

Don't miss "Secrets of Famous Crimes." Place a standing order for "The People" with your newsagent to-day.



Reduced facsimile of the actual notes taken by Sir Richard Muir during the Crippen Trial

Dr. CRIPPEN,
The Notorious Poisoner.

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Elasto is not a drug, but a cell-food: it supplies just those vital constituents that the blood lacks, and so enables nature to effect a cure in her own way. It is prepared in tiny tablets and is as simple and agreeable to take as it is certain and lasting in its action.

Elasto also cures Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries and Glands and all related conditions no matter where they occur.

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NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 159), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1

THE WOMAN OF MIDDLE AGE

Soon after reaching the age of forty, almost every woman has reason to grow anxious about her health. This time of trial, with its attacks of faintness and palpitation, fits of depression, violent headaches, and back pains, needless fears and emotions, is rightly dreaded by women; but if reasonable steps are taken to safeguard the health, no serious ill-effects will arise.

The very best help for any woman of middle age is the health-help given by Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills have a valuable strengthening effect, arising from the fact that they reinforce the blood supply, enriching and purifying it. In doing so, they help to nourish the starved and overtaxed nerves, and give new strength and vitality to the whole system. By this natural process, all pains and weaknesses are completely dispelled by Dr. Williams' pink pills, and a better, happier condition of health and spirits arises.

So take advantage now of the wonderful health-help of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box.

FREE.—Every woman of middle age should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C. H. Dept., 38, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1.

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Useless Production

Mr. A. G. Gardiner stresses the fact that if we would regain our pre-war prosperity, "the key to the miracle is—Production, Production, Production." Production is useless without markets, and markets will never be secured or kept unless increased production is reflected in the reduced prices of manufactured articles. For the workers to increase output, without corresponding effort on the part of manufacturers to increase sales by a reduction in prices, is to invite industrial stagnation.—*H. Glover, Wigan.*

Ramsay and the "Reds"

Whilst one agrees in part with Mr. A. G. Gardiner's explanation as to Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden's absence from the I.L.P. Conference, one is not so sure as to its wisdom. If, by their absence, they reveal their distaste for such discussions and their refusal to be badgered, they have by no means got rid of the idea in the public mind that they are the I.L.P. leaders, and hence must accept responsibility for what the wild men do.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

Fanatics Feared

If Mr. Gardiner's statement is correct that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is fed up with the hot-headed fanatics of his Party, and is relying for support on the more sober rank and file, there is hope for the Labour Party. Everyone is sick of the incapacity of the present Government, and at the next election, provided the Communist fanatics are squashed, Mr. MacDonald should have at his back as large a majority as has the present Government, with beneficial result to the country.—*S. M. W., London.*

"Red Bogey" Rubbish

JOHN BULL usually avoids the tactics of the "Yellow Press," but the silly "Red Bogey" rubbish, with which Mr. Gardiner spoils a page, would shine in a "rag" for frightening "old women" of both sexes. It is out of place in a sensible periodical. America, his "land flowing with milk and honey," is a land wherein strikers and police recently fought each other with tear gas, revolvers, etc., wearing steel helmets and gas masks.—*Anti-Slosh, Hawarden.*

Socialism's Stunt

The powerful article by Mr. A. G. Gardiner will open the eyes of the working classes, many of whom are beginning to be disgusted with their Soviet leaders. "Socialism in our time" is their latest stunt. The very phrase shows their ignorance. The workers are asking the question, "Are such men fit to govern?" and the number that answer in the negative is daily increasing.—*J. R. W., H.B.*

Filling Workers' Pockets

Mr. A. G. Gardiner is correct in his viewpoint that the British worker must look towards prosperous America and not beggared Russia in the future. High wages and high production will make the workers' pockets jingle and not the idealistic emptiness of a Soviet millennium. The sooner the Labour Party realise this, the greater service will they render the workers.—*Gully Beech, Burnley.*

Brain Importation

As a British worker, I rebel at the inference that British workers should go to America for example of workmanship. Far better would it be to advise British magnates to emigrate and import American brains and resources to put in order the chaotic conditions brought about by ignoring modern equipment.—*John Lenan, Swansea.*

Rizzled M.P.'s

One hopes that Col. Shaw, M.P., in his refusal to be muzzled, will have many imitators. And being muzzled, let them bite, deep and often. The Government's servile majority has reduced the country to being under a virtual dictatorship. Only a bold and fearless assertion of the private member's rights will bring the Ministry to a realisation of the perils of the road it is treading.—*A. G. B., New Cross.*

Real Education

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson strikes at the decaying root of our present-day educational system. How can our children become worthy citizens of a great country if their plastic minds are filled with exploits of bloodthirsty warriors of bygone days, and their fragile bodies cramped in dismal surroundings? If the next generation is to attain greater heights than the present our boys and girls must receive the best education that can be given. They must be taught in a pure atmosphere, how to be pure, noble and chivalrous.—*C. T., Hitchin.*

The Swindler's Terror

In my capacity as a travelling salesman it has been my good luck to warn shopkeepers (and these people form a great portion of the speculative community) against many bucket-shop swindles and fee-snatching rogues. In nearly every case my information has been forthcoming from JOHN BULL, and I was able, through you, to protect many of my customers.—*Traveller, Staffs.*

Fear of Publicity

The Judicial Proceedings (Regulation of Reports) Bill would certainly prevent a great deal of harm, but at the same time would shield a certain class of people whose worst fear is publicity. To have these cases heard in camera will encourage these people, knowing that their offence will not be made public. In my case, ending that the Home Secretary has ample power to deal with the publication of any indecent matter, there would seem to be no need for further legislation.—*W. D., Birmingham.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid for the sender of every item published. Mark envelope "Pie.")

"SUNDAY HERALD":—"More marriages take place in April than in any other month of that NAME."

"LEDBURY REPORTER":—"FOUR persons, of whom FIVE were non-residents, were proceeded against."

"DAILY MIRROR":—"The charabanc, while DESCENDING a slight INCLINE, crashed through the closed gates."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—"No one was injured, but Fireman —— was taken to hospital suffering from a BROKEN ARM."

"LIVERPOOL DAILY COURIER":—"He is, of course, not nearly so good as he was, but he ought to win in this company now that he is AT HIS BEST."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"HAZEL Nut Cakes.—Mince finely ½ pound of WALNUTS, add three ounces of castor sugar."

Science and Practicability

Your "Special Communication" to Mr. Chaplin, M.P. Staffordshire, is somewhat satisfactory. The huge electrical machine erected against a continuous abroad 50 to 100 metres thick, tearing out 1,000 tons at a time, is an impossibility in Britain, because no coal seam of either 50 or 100 metres is being worked even if known to exist; the formation of existing seams will not permit such wholesale weakening of roof; the propping of roof and shoring of old workings could not be carried out in anything like an efficient manner. Scientific methods must have the quality of practical usefulness.—*Miner, Abertillery.*

Milk Ramping

Within about fifty or sixty miles of Birmingham the farmers are getting 7½d. per gallon for their milk from the big milk combines. This milk is delivered in Birmingham at 7d. per quart (2s. 4d. per gallon). The combines are paying the farmers summer price since April 1, but they are not charging summer price till May 1. Allowing 1d. per gallon for collecting, 1d. per gallon carriage, and 2d. per gallon for delivery, they must be doing well.—*Father of Four, Bournbrook.*

Foolish Farce

An expedition has been dispatched recently in order to find out whether whales are polygamous. What a farce it is, when there are so many more vital discoveries to be made. Take the Harnett lunacy case, for instance. There seems to be no standard by which a man's sanity can be judged. Would it not be more sensible to spend the money in investigating the border-line where sanity ends and insanity begins?—*Ktoy, York.*

Municipal Banking

The Bristol Corporation Bill empowering the city to establish a municipal bank was dropped because of Treasury opposition. It is curious to note with regard to the obvious dislike by the Treasury to municipal banking that it is the Minister of Health who is responsible for proposals contained in local authorities' Bills, yet the present Minister was the founder of Birmingham's municipal bank.—*A. B., Acton.*

Laziness Encouraged

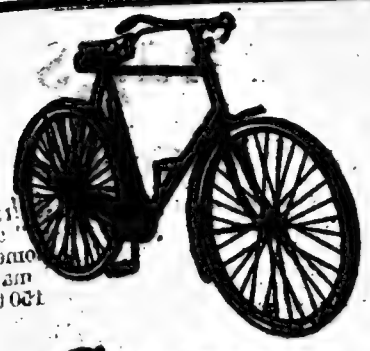
I am a casual dock labourer signing on at the Employment Exchange. On applying for work on Easter Tuesday, I was told by another man that I would lose my holiday money if I went to work, but I didn't believe him, and took the day's work. When I drew my money from the Employment Exchange I was stopped 16s. 8d. because I went to work on the day after the holidays. I earned 10s. 8d. This is how the Ministry of Labour encourages a man to look for work.—*Disgusted, London.*

Income-tax and Mothers

Why should the allowance from income-tax for a wife be so much more than for a widowed mother? When an unmarried son (or daughter) wholly maintains a widowed mother who has no income or allowance whatever, and the son (or daughter) has under £250 or perhaps £300 per annum, then the allowance should be the same as for a wife.—*J. B. Brine, Ilford.*

Menacing Drill

We are told that the British Fascisti are allowed to drill, have rifle practice, and do everything common to the ordinary soldier. If this be true, it should be stopped. Suppose the Communists started rifle practice, what a howl there would be from those who are supposed to stand for fair play.—*J. A. B., Bridlington.*



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Rad'o Notes

WIRELESS & HUMANITY

New Life for Bedridden Sufferer

by W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW.

NOTWITHSTANDING the phenomenal progress of broadcasting, I meet, almost every day, people who have never listened-in. Many, I find, are unable to afford a costly valve set with which to tune in stations hundreds and thousands of miles away.

Because it is possible to pay anything up to £100 or more for such a set, they doubt the wisdom of acquiring a modest crystal set costing 10s. or less. How, they ask, can such cheap sets be serviceable, in view of the much greater cost of the more elaborate outfits?

I have only one answer to all such arguments—If your means are limited and you must spend money wisely, you will not regret the purchase of a modest crystal set with which to hear Daventry or the nearest British station.

* * *

A few weeks ago, I visited a lady who has been bedridden thirty years. During all that time, only once has she been carried from her room, and then the shock nearly killed her.

Only she and other life-sufferers can truly appreciate fully the extent of the boon and blessing which wireless can afford to those incapable of getting into the outer world.

FRIENDS who formerly have visited this woman to cheer her, now come to her to be cheered. I was amazed by the change and new interest which wireless has wrought in this woman's sad life.

She is proud of the kind letters which she receives from the wireless "Uncles" who appreciate her constructive suggestions regarding programmes.

The case quoted illustrates an important point—namely, that to the crippled, maimed and infirm wireless is a *necessity*.

Charity which provides food, warmth and shelter for those unable to fend for themselves, must not overlook wireless for those physically incapable of enjoying the amenities of natural life.

Who could deny a poor invalid the inestimable pleasures of listening-in when the cost of a licence is less than 2½d. per week, and a crystal set, with headphones and aerial, can be rigged up for less than a pound?

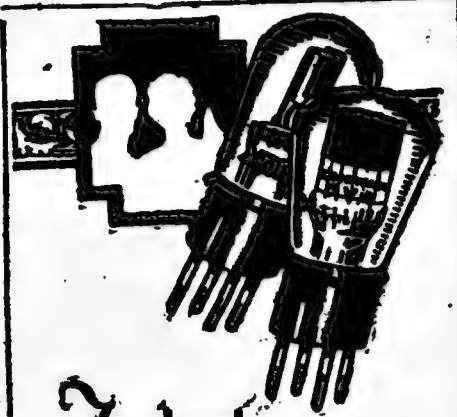
And for that modest expense, who could deny his children the educational benefits of hearing wise words and soul-uplifting songs, in the snugness and comfort of the home?

WIRELESS has its greatest power in knowing no national boundaries. On its mission of solace to the infirm and education to the uninformed it goes into all the world. It deprives island folk of the insularity which hitherto held them back in the race of progress.

It brings to the countryside the higher pleasures of town life, thus countering a force which has been largely responsible for the centralisation of population in drab, dark and dirty cities. It is the scientific eliminator of absolute loneliness.

If any man or woman declares that the age of miracles is past, ask—What is wireless but the greatest and most mysterious of all miracles?

And it is a miracle not for the exclusive enjoyment of any favoured few, but one that is within the reach of all.



Two heads are better than one, they say. Similarly two valves are better than one—
Try this Scientific Combination

EDISWAN
R.V.6. (Power) & A.R.O.6.
VALVES
A PAIR WITHOUT COMPARE
(for 2 Volt Battery)

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THE 2-VOLT VALVE with a Current Consumption of ·12 AMP.

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Ante-Post Betting Snags

It Pays to Bet at Starting Price—Great Met. Odds—Purple Shade for the Sprint—The Cheshire Cheeses—Mr. Macomber's Confession

THE lure of a long shot is very tempting, but backers do not gain much nowadays by trying to beat the ante-post layers. This very important point has been brought home to me by a careful study of the subject and, as a result, I have advised JOHN BULL readers, over and over again, to take starting prices.

23 Probables—15 Starters

My tip for the Great Metropolitan, Onyx III, finished third, and when giving the selection I stressed the point once more as the prices on offer were obviously set to catch mug punters. In the first place, most of the commission-agents listed twenty-three probable runners. Fifteen of these actually faced the starter, so the layers were well in pocket before the tapes went up.

Ridiculous Odds

No one could describe the odds offered against the probables as generous. Ten of the entries were quoted at prices ranging from 12 to 1 down to 5 to 1. Two were on offer at 14, and several at 16. No wonder the bookmakers wax fat.

False "Favourites"

These prices were on offer up to the day of the race, but in most cases backers at s.p. had the best of the deal as regards odds. I do not intend to refer to every horse in the race, but I will take the three listed as first, second and third favourites: Mendoza, quoted as favourite at 5 to 1, started at 7; Spithead, second favourite at 8 to 1, started at 100 to 7; Onyx III, offered at 9 to 1, also went out in the s.p. betting to 100 to 7. The odds are always in favour of the layers, but when it comes to ante-post wagering, they win hands down. The wise punter will despatch his commissions marked starting price. He is certain of a run for his money and a "reasonable" price.

This Week's Big Sprint

Purple Shade is one of the most genuine horses in training, and I hope to see him win the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park on Saturday. I hesitated at first in selecting him as he had been dogged by bad luck ever since he beat Scherzo at level weights at Ascot in 1924, but in view of the result of the Newbury Cup and the City and Suburban, he should win. It has always been my opinion that if the son of Royal Canopy had been kept to six and seven furlong sprints he would have proved a champion. Purple Shade lost the Victoria Cup last year to Greolian by a short head.

After the Cheshire Cheeses

There will be a keen fight for the Cheshire cheeses next week which are awarded to the owners of the first three horses past the post in the race for the Cup. Many keen judges earmarked Spithead for the race after his bold fight in the Great Met., but the race is by no means a walk-over for Lord Derby's champion. Forseti, the Cesarewitch winner, is a probable runner, Vermilion Pencil—who won his race at Chester last year by fifteen lengths—is to have a cut, and Ralph Moreton, who is just back from abroad, hopes to win the race with Naldera. Chester course is more suitable for circus-horses than race-horses, and the big speculators do not put down their money until they see the draw, but providing he can act on the turns, I think the race is good for Forseti.

An Owner's Confession

To those who think that racing is the sure way to a fortune for owners, let me commend the admission made by Mr. A. K. Macomber to my French correspondent that his hobby is costing him at least £200,000 a year. He does not begrudge the outlay, but what he objects to is the general idea that he is making hundreds of thousands of pounds out of his ventures on the English turf. Mr. Macomber spends at least £40,000 a year on entrance-fees and other charges connected with his horses in England. Despite popular ideas to the contrary, his betting gains are more than covered by his losses, so that those who think an owner has only to will to win and swell his bank balance accordingly have something to learn.

Mr. A. K. Macomber

Jockey's Mounts

Although I have mentioned on more than one occasion that following jockeys' mounts is a costly game in the long run, I still receive letters asking me for riders who are likely to show a profit. Judging by past records, on a level stake, most jockeys' mounts show a heavy loss by the end of a season. A list showing how the leaders fared last season is given in "The JOHN BULL A.B.C. of Racing." This is an eye-opener. The mounts of the champion jockey, Gordon Richards, showed a debit of 87 points; Tommy Weston was 99 points on the wrong side; Smirke 154, and H. Wragg 180. Wragg is a splendid jockey, but, in the words of the song, when your luck is out you can't do anything right. He started this season very badly, and did not win a race until he was up on his fifty-fifth mount.

High-priced Yearlings

A punter who signs himself "£ s. d." wants to know where he can obtain a list of high-priced yearlings. "Money talks," he states, "and the information will put me on the track of future winners." I gave "£ s. d." the information, but pointed out that buying yearlings is the greatest lottery in the world. Lord Glanely paid £14,500 for Blue Ensign—a son of Blue Dun and Blue Tit—and the horse was never seen on a race-course.

Westward Ho Went West

Another of Lord Glanely's costly purchases was Westward Ho, which he secured as a yearling for 11,500 guineas. Westward Ho won once or twice, but only netted just over £1,000 in stake-money, and then had to be retired to the stud. Bound Home, the first of his sons to be seen out, ran second to Adopted Filly at Newmarket a fortnight ago.

100 to 1 Outsiders

When I was at Windsor on one occasion "Billy" Allden, the well-known owner and layer in "Tatts" who gives long odds the outsiders, was very jubilant because he was willing to lay 100 to 1 Onega, the winner in a field of nine, and no one would take him. At Lingfield he did not get away scot-free when he offered the same extraordinary odds Rich Vein. I noticed one lucky backer take the odds to a quid.

The French and Our Classics

In regard to French entries for our Classics, the air is decidedly clearer, for it seems certain now that the invaders at Epsom for the Derby will be limited to three at most. Banstar is one for the Derby, and Masked Ruler is another. War Mist has come across to run in the Two Thousand, but I doubt his stamina very much, and my impression is that he will be ruled out after he has obtained a line for Masked Ruler, who is the main hope of the Macomber stable. The latest news is that Banstar is not good enough. It is interesting to note that out of an entry of 305 horses for the Derby, 75 remain in the race.

The Ladies' Race

Dorina continues to do well in private, and will be a fancied filly for the One Thousand, but it is against her that the stable have not ventured to run her for engagements in France during the last few days. Aspasia II is the most likely from the Macomber stable for Friday's race, but she is not as brilliant as she is made out to be.

"SILVER RING."

HORSES NOTED AT EPSOM

MARTENAX.—Dobson Peacock brought three horses from Yorkshire to Epsom, Doorway, Roldero and Martenax. He will win sprint races with the first and last. Martenax was very unlucky to be short-headed by John Denis in the Tadworth Plate.

MERMAID.—This one of Cundell's did us one or two good turns last season, and if followed consistently she is sure to pay her way this season. Ran well and finished third in the Great Surrey Handicap.

CASTLEBOND.—A course of hurdling, and an operation have worked wonders with Castleberg, and the gelding is certain to pick up a minor long-distance handicap. He missed third place in the Great Metropolitan by half a length.

SPRINGAR.—This one hails from MacCall's clever stable and should have won the Coptheorne Plate.

PIMPERNEL.—Small, but gets away from the gate like a flash. Should be followed on fast courses such as Epsom and Lingfield.

Last "Soccer" Coups of the Season

6 HOME.—Arsenal, Preston, Wolverhampton, Bradford, Grimsby, Reading.
5 HOME.—Arsenal, Burnley, Bradford, Walsall, Exeter.
4 HOME.—Preston, Stoke, Grimsby, Reading.
3 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Derby, Northampton.
2 DRAWS.—Portsmouth v. Chelsea, Gillingham v. Plymouth, Luton v. Millwall.
2 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Arsenal, Preston, Bradford, Huddersfield, Derby.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Grimsby, Derby, Durham v. Doncaster.

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The Sporting Life & Sportsman
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Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

F 2 H M R N W T P Z X V Q C

A L U E Y B J K I D G 3 S O

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be.

2FNFZMBQ would read LABADENS.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, April 28, to Tuesday, May 4.

ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS

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The Celebrated "Generous" Odds.

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do better than open an account with THE TOTALISATOR, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh. Established May 1920, with whom

YOU CAN—

have a daily or weekly account or can arrange for settlement only on demand, meantime using your balance for current investments.

YOU CAN—

be certain of at least Starting Price as a Minimum, because a guarantee to that effect is included in the rules.

YOU CAN—

send your commissions by ordinary post postmarked (not in code) up to the set time of the race. All postage is refunded.

YOU CAN—

have rules and list of ante-post pools on application. A postcard will do.

THEREFORE

write for rules to-day to the one and only address and learn all about it.

THE TOTALISATOR,

St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH.

The Completed Puzzle

C	A	S	H		S	H	A	F	T		S	U	R	E
A	L	L	O	W		A	I	R		M	U	T	E	D
S	O	I	L		M	I	M	I	C		M	A	L	E
T	O	P	I	C	A	L		D	O	L	P	H	I	N
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O		H	A	M		D	A	Y		R	E	D		S
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L	E	E	T		L	E	P	E	R		E	R	S	E

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue. This week's puzzle will be found on Page 42.

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It guarantees you the finest medals in the world and ensures you delivery of any quantity within 24 hours. J.W.T. Medals are sold by Jewellers everywhere—write us for list and name and address of agent in your town.

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1st Prize	... ...	£1,000
2nd ,,	... ...	£500
3rd ,,	... ...	£100
4th ,,	... ...	£50
20 Prizes of	...	£10
20 ,, ,,	...	£5
50 ,, ,,	...	£1

The Prize Money has been deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

100 per cent. of the Profits of this Ballot are being handed over to the Hospital.

We want 100,000 people to either buy or sell a Book of Tickets in connection with the

WILLESDEN HOSPITAL BALLOT

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£1,000 for 1/-

(Over 90 other Money Prizes)

The Ballot is in aid of the funds of the above Hospital.
The Hospital is in dire need of help to meet the ever-advancing demands upon its resources.
Send for 1/- Ticket in answer to this great appeal and help the Willesden Hospital to carry on its splendid work.

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THE MANAGER,

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TICKETS 1/- each

Or Book of 12 10/-

SEND IN YOUR BOOKS.

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service is at the disposal of all our readers. Military Pensions, Widows' Pensions, Industrial Assurance—any and every query will be solved for you by a staff of experts. Don't worry—our staff is paid to worry for you!

* * * *

A. N. (York).—"Do you know what I began life as?" A baby.

B. Y. (Farncombe).—"Coueism does not win tennis matches." Nevertheless, Helen Wills.

E. N. (N.W.1)—"What does this country want?" No want.

B. N. (New York).—"Dempsey is particular whom he fights." He won't fight anybody.

R. L. (Carlisle).—"If a baby doesn't thrive on fresh milk, boil it." It seems a drastic remedy.

T. J. (Esher).—"He's a silent, stupid sort of man." A self-contained flat.

B. M. (Trimley).—"I bought a bottle of stuff to keep mosquitoes away, but it didn't." Then you were stung.

L. N. (Pelaw).—"I would sooner sing in a duet than by myself." Perhaps you're right. It halves the blame.

P. Y. (London, N.).—"I've found a doctor who fills the bill." They can all do that.

F. N. (Chelsea).—"Cricket is a manly game." That's why so many women are beginning to play it.

L. M. (Milford).—"The auctioneer said he wanted a start for the marble clock so I bid 1s. 6d." That would give him a start all right.

L. V. (Liverpool).—"I want a hobby with no worry attached to it." Then don't take up fretwork.

L. T. (Herne Bay).—"Did you read my article on dry rot?" Yes. It was.

L. R. (York).—"I enclose a funny story for your consideration." We consider it isn't.

T. S. (Surbiton).—"They say my baby daughter is the image of me." Still she can wear a heavy veil when she grows up.

L. G. (Hull).—"I am undecided whether to marry a girl of intelligence or of wealth." Have they both got enough for two?

R. N. (Hendon).—"What does a marriage licence cost?" A few shillings down and weekly instalments of what you earn for an indefinite period.

L. D. (Shoreditch).—"I have an old-fashioned round dial and would like a few hints how to get it into good condition." Live the simple life and contract with your barber for a daily shave.

J. E. (Merton).—"A miner shouldn't expect to be able to choose his own conditions of employment more than any other man." Still, unlike others, it is necessary for him to have his pick.

B. R. B. (Putney).—"A girl I'm very fond of won't forgive me because I accidentally failed to keep an appointment with her." As you didn't turn up, she evidently thought you deserved to be turned down.

F. J. (Twickenham).—"When the baby cries, my husband goes to play cricket." Out first ball!

H. P. (Bognor).—"I don't care who my ancestors were." Not Adam?

T. R. (Marlow).—"I once won £37 on a single hand of cards." You had a great deal to be thankful for.

L. T. (Epsom).—"It takes me all my time to live." Exactly.

L. B. T. (Victoria).—"Some English railways are jokes." Standing jokes.

F. M. B. (Hendon).—"What does a man of fifty want plus fours for?" To keep his legs in.

F. G. (Darlington).—"I have an open mind." Strange that nothing has got into it!

J. A. (Llanfairfechan).—"I've lived here for thirty-five years." A long spell.

G. M. (Frome).—"She threw a teapot at me, and it struck me on the head." How foolish of you to dodge!

A. Y. (Chester).—"It doesn't pay to buy cheap matches." They are bargains that are hard to strike.

B. T. (Edgware).—"A new gnu's arrived at the Zoo." Do you mean it, or is this the title of the latest silly song?

L. M. (Stafford).—"Many a woman carries her marriage lines next to her heart." And many a husband wears them on his forehead.

T. A. (Bromley).—"I wanted to go to the races, but my wife made me stay at home and dust the shelves." Still, you were beating the books.

GROCER (Glasgow).—"What would you say if you found that half a cheese had disappeared in the night?" Rats!

FATHER (Crewe).—"The baby always goes to sleep when I sing to him." Probably he only pretends, to make you stop.

MRS. G. (Acton).—"Everybody spends their time cleaning at this period of the year." That is a sweeping statement.

C. C. G. (Raynes Park).—"Aren't there more tall men than usual in the present Parliament?" In the dining-room of the House, which we visited recently, we saw no sign of any short Commons.

R. L. (Brighton).—"The man who renders the greatest service to humanity is the one who makes people laugh." The authors of some recent serious plays should find this comforting.

A. J. (Redhill).—"I hope the 'Target' I have won this week is only the first of many *Bullets* prizes." Hurry up if you want the First of 13,625 prizes offered this week—it's £2,000!

PHIL (Hackney).—"It is only during the last few years that the great apes have been employed in psychological work." This is not a respectful way in which to speak of our scientists.

"Look here, Macintosh! If you like to write me out a cheque now, I'll make you a small concession—You can use my fish!"

One of the 22 funny fake drawings in this week's issue of "The Passing Show," 32 pages for 2d.

E. B. (Burslem).—"My neighbour is a fool." See letter below!

A. G. (Burslem).—"The fellow next door is an ass." See letter above!

J. H. T. (Hornsey).—"I have a splendid circle of friends." Then keep on the square or you'll lose them.

F. L. (Leeds).—"Where would you recommend me to go for a real cold water cure?" America.

G. G. (Ripon).—"If I begin a job I stick to it." Especially when painting the garden seat.

Miss P. (Deal).—"Are salaries often raised in your office?" Once a week, with unfailing regularity.

G. D. (Holborn).—"He spilled soup down my neck." That was calculated to make you go hot under the collar.

Miss F. (Bolton).—"To settle an argument, 'Which is the most fashionable way to cut hair this season'?" Off.

M. V. (Sheffield).—"As a cyclist I shall maintain my right of way until I die." And you probably will.

GLADYS C. (Eastbourne).—"If ever I marry anyone, he will have to be a man." He will, Gladys—he will.

Mrs. A. (Fulham).—"Cobwebs are unhealthy." We always thought they looked rather frail.

T. Q. (Byfleet).—"I have been advised to go abroad." By your doctor or your lawyer?

BERT (Bungay).—"Can you find room for this little poem." Good gracious, yes!—do you think we use a thimble for our w.p.b.?

A. L. (Ingatestone).—"I am a painter with a wonderful imagination." You should do well at illustrating seed-packets.

F. K. (Swansea).—"You must have a lot of very funny correspondents." We have added you to a funny lot too humorous to mention.

Mrs. G. (Wigan).—"Even if folk think you're a fool for not speaking it's better to be silent." Rather than open your mouth and turn doubt into certainty.

G. G. (Cricklewood).—"Where can we find any men with convictions to-day?" In various jails.

H. N. (Lambeth).—"It has been proved that apples can breathe." And everybody knows that onions can smell.

S. T. (Hove).—"America seems to send her best race-horses to win in England." The rum runners stay at home.

T. T. (Kensington).—"What does it cost the average girl to dress in the summer?" It's hard to say; there's so little to go on.

T. N. (Liverpool).—"Prohibition has been established in America for a good many years now." Farces often have a long run.

J. L. (Otley).—"In this country the mosquito is positively encouraged." Lots of people give it a hearty slap on the back.

L. T. (Watford).—"Are there any people beyond the pole?" We don't know. But there are a lot of people up it.

B. S. (Durham).—"Why do some of our finest musicians wear long hair?" We can't say, unless it is so that they shan't look effeminate.

BERT G. (Hampstead).—"I am learning golf and should like to know the best way to address the ball?" Do you mean before you hit it or after it?

D. M. (Bayswater).—"He borrowed a pound from me and I haven't seen him since." Just a case of "touch" and go!

G. N. (Victoria).—"Wages in the Post Office cost over £35,000,000 a year." It is only fair to admit, however, that attendants at stamp counters provide their own jumper wool.

"BROAD-MINDED" (Hammersmith).—"Thank goodness we no longer burn those we disagree with." But we fire them, all the same.

P. A. (Chiswick).—"While refereeing at a football match I lit a cigarette, and was severely 'told off' for doing so." We suppose your idea was to escape under cover of a smoke screen.

J. G. (Southend).—"Several old bronze spades were unearthed here by workmen digging up the roads." We suppose this proves the old theory that Southend was once a seaside resort.

K. E. (Whitby).—"Perhaps the convenience of the Ban drop will persuade more women to swim while at the sea this year." We expect the usual number will stick to the shingle.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

IMPORTANT

To all sufferers from

CATARRH

Deafness, Asthma, Ear Noises, Hay Fever.

Hundreds of men and women who in the past suffered from Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma, and similar distressing ailments—but who suffer no longer—testify to the wonderful cures effected by the use in their own homes of the late Sir Hiram Maxim's Inhaler. Yet many thousands who still suffer hesitate to send for this wonderful invention because they are in doubt whether it would effect a cure in their case. To such we have this important announcement to make.

OUR NEW OFFER.

On receipt of P.O. for 2/6 we will send you one of these Maxim Inhaler Sets. Use it for seven days. If it does not bring you relief, send it back to us un'used, and we will refund your money. If you obtain benefit from it, as we know you will, then send us the balance of 5/-. Only new and unused Inhalers are issued by us, therefore this offer shows our complete confidence in their curative value, as every set returned is destroyed and means a dead loss to us.

If you would prefer to have our booklet, the "Home Doctor" first, we will send it FREE on receipt of your name and address. It tells in their own words the experience of those who have used the Inhaler and been cured of Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis. If you suffer from, or are subject to any of these complaints, this Inhaler will truly surprise you. Its use brings immediate relief and eventual cure. No matter what remedies you have tried before, make up your mind now to suffer no more. Send your P.O. to-day (or write for the booklet). Where other "cures" have entirely failed, this Inhaler has succeeded.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S LICORICEA,
(Dept. J.B.), 64, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

"BULLET." RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, epigram and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon, submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

IS IT REALLY CURED?

Sufferers from Venereal Diseases who give up treatment without the doctor's consent are running a grave risk of dangerous complications and permanent ill-health. The symptoms sometimes disappear for a time, but the patient may remain infective and the trouble break out with renewed violence if treatment has been abandoned. The only satisfactory assurance of a permanent cure is a clean bill of health from the doctor.

Those desiring free information, in plain cover, about Venereal Diseases, should apply in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council (Incorporated), Dept. P, Carteret Street, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James' Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

The useful booklets for Parents, No. 54, 2½d. net; Boys entering Industry, No. 55, 2½d. net; and Booklet for Young Men, No. 56, 2½d. net. All post free in plain cover.

Can you have a **Baby** Car for **2/6**

Order YOUR Baby Car from your local dealer. DEPOSIT at WHOLESALE prices—and save shop profits. You only pay 2/6 till you have used the Car ONE MONTH. If New and completely finished models, in ANY colour, to choose from. Packed Free. Carriage Paid. 10 Days' Free Trial. Fully guaranteed. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write To-DAY for big illustrated catalogue.

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The frame is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Cream and lined in. All Black if desired. Ladies' or Gent's Pattern. Carriage Paid. **8/-** NOW

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are to be had by making your own—easily and economically—with the neat little Rolette Cigarette Machine.

You can make perfect cigarettes with this wonderful machine after a minute or two's practice. So your wheels, rollers, or compressed, machine—

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That is the happy experience of one patient after taking this proved remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia. Instant relief. From Chemists, in tablet, 2/6, or post free from us.

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Boots, Coats and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Gents' Underwear & Underwear, Carpets, Linen, Drapery, Overcoats, Blankets, Blouses, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Gloves, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Also in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the South. Latest range of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

WEAVER-WEARER BUY DIRECT AND SAVE 50%

7/6 Measure yourself and send to Scott & Ladies' Business MADE TO MEASURE to our Wool Suit from 7/6 only. Let your next suit be made to measure. Write now for Spring patterns and easy self-measure card free.

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What greater pleasure than to have your choice now of the many pretty dresses, costumes, two-piece suits, etc., almost at almost giving away prices. You can have one in your own home now, try it on, feel the quality of our World Famous Yorkshire Cloth. If you keep it, you pay by very monthly instalments. Write now for patterns and Free tailors Guide. Reasonable alterations Free. Great Reception in Ambassador Spring Frock, from

6/- monthly.

YEWDALL'S SCOTT TAILORING SYSTEM, 127, Cross Parade, LEEDS

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

"My Eczema was cured in three days."

"Every winter I had dreadful Chilblains. I was cured in two nights with Zee-Kol."

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin cure of all time. If put on the skin, whether covered with Pimples or ugly Blemishes, they disappear in a night, and the most frightful skin disease that can attack the skin disappears like magic. Never was known any cure like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy in the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Haemorrhoids Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

At all Chemists, Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or large tin 2/-

COUPON. 4 FREE GIFTS

A sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills will be sent free. Six samples. If samples of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Zee-Kol Face Cream are also desired, send 2d. for postage and packing. Cut this coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and post to the Zee-Kol Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 97), 42, Hoxton Road, Upper Holloway, N.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New Skin forms in a few days.

Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed on gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism

"CLUB BLACK" ENAMEL.

For all Household Uses, Cycles, Motors, etc.

DRIES IN 20 MINUTES.

In two sizes, 6d. and 1/-

From all Ironmongers, Stores, Cycle Agents and Garages, or direct from:—

SILICO ENAMEL CO., Warton Road, Stratford E.

ADANA AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING

PRINTING MACHINE

45/-

COMPLETE PLANT

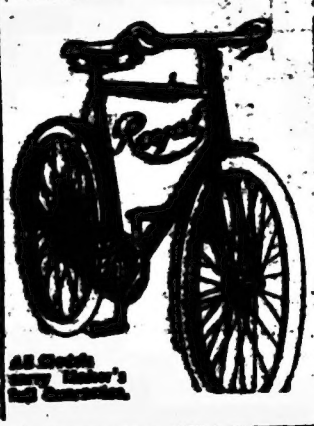
THIS massively constructed Printing Machine is the most wonderful of its kind, being sold at a tenth the price of any other of the same size with similar advantages. It is capable of turning out every class of printed matter from a

CHEMIST'S LABEL TO AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

including Perforating, Creasing and Box-making. The finest available inks and solid steel used in construction. Smooth running, speed, accuracy and simplicity are guaranteed by the highest officials. Printers' metal type (not Wood), rules, complete accessories, together with excellently illustrated instructional book, included in above-quoted price. Illustrated particulars in two colours, together with samples of work, sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Also sold by small monthly instalments. Ask for Terms.

The "ADANA" AGENCY (Dept. J.B. 16), 24, Ring St., Twickenham, Middlesex.

Printers should write for particulars of new system of supplying First-Class Foundry Type.



All Models carry Maker's Full Guarantee.

1000 AT HALF-PRICE

Having on hand a quantity of the famous ROYAL SYDLEY, being the balance of a large contract for 1926 models, we are authorised to offer 1,000 of these at almost half the list prices you would ordinarily pay in a shop.

Ladies' Models, fitted with B.S.A. Free Wheel, for **£4.12.6** (or 9/- Monthly).

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Numerous other Models to choose from at similar reductions.

Money returned if not satisfied. Send now for handsome Illustrated Catalogue.

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SODA IS BAD FOR YOUR STOMACH.

DOES MORE HARM THAN GOOD.

Don't get the soda habit; it may happen to give you temporary relief from pain to-day, but what about to-morrow? Ask your doctor. He will tell you that bi-carbonate of soda neutralises acidity, but it altogether fails to protect the acid-inflamed stomach lining, and this is where the danger lies. A raw stomach lining secretes additional quantities of acid, and unless the remedy you use relieves this condition matters simply go from bad to worse. Stop this dangerous soda habit; you are simply inviting chronic acidity, gastritis and stomach ulcers. Use 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the remedy doctors recommend, and which thousands use daily because it gives instant relief from indigestion and its attendant discomforts, such as wind, biliousness and nausea. 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises the acid, and soothes, heals and protects the delicate stomach lining, thus enabling you to eat whatever you like without fear of distress to follow. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day, either powder or tablets, and you will have no need to worry about your digestion in the future, for a little of this famous antacid taken after meals makes good digestion an accomplished fact.

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SENT ON APPROVAL packed free & carr. pd.

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Special Model on Cushion Tyred Wheels 2/- Weekly. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send to-day for Free illustrated Catalogue.

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WHEN DADDY DIED

Twins who were Born Orphans

A WEEK or so ago, the newspapers contained accounts of the death of a multi-millionaire, who had no near relations, and whose only sorrow in life seemed to have been that he had never been able to find means of disposing of his vast wealth.

In striking contrast is the death of an ex-Service man, unhonoured and unsung. He died four months ago, and the wife who had proudly nursed him and comforted him to the end, found herself left a widow with four children, the eldest twelve years old and the youngest three.

Such a condition would be bad enough, but this poor widow's state was worse. She knew the trouble that was to follow, and she has brought forth twins, hapless legacies of a life the best of which was spent in the service of the nation.

Her sole income is a pension of 24s. a week, and she has no relatives who can help her. There is a brother, but he has a wife and six children of his own to provide for, and so has nothing to spare for his sister, much as he would like to relieve her want.

HER mother-in-law, who gave her hero husband to the world, is a widow, dependent upon friends for subsistence, so that several branches of the family have reason to mourn not only the death of the man who fought for his country, but also their inability to alleviate the distress caused by his untimely death.

An earnest local welfare worker, who has been interested in the case since the father's death, writes: "I do not know of any person more fitting for help."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund has once more gone to the rescue, but much more than is possible with the means at our disposal is necessary to change this war widow's future from gloomy despair to the brightness of hope.

You may help by sending a subscription, however small it may be, to our fund, knowing that every penny you contribute will be devoted to relief, without any deduction whatever for expenses, which are borne entirely by the proprietors of JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

E. J.'s Ninth, 2s.; Anon. (Acton), 2s. 6d.; Groundsman (Hull), 8s.; M. F. (Scarborough), 2s.; Well Wisher, 2s. 6d.; "Crystal" (Dundee), 5s.; Mr. A. Watts (Southampton), 1s.; Finchley Nurse and Prittlewell, 3s. 3d.; L. A. Hanneford, 2s.; E. A. L., 5s.; G. Ferguson, 1s.; Wee Scot, 6d.; ExH.E., 2s. 6d.; A non., 1s.; "Primitive Christian, 10s.; "A Friend," 1s.; Anon., 10s.; A. J. Morris, 1s.; Mrs. L. Bruce (Edinburgh), 1s.; Rock Cake, 5s.; Llongate Reader, 2s.; F. A. F., 2s. 6d.; "Cushag," 2s. 6d.; G. W. (Bristol), 2s.; Nom de Plume, 1s.; Pinkie (Grimsby), 5s.; G. A., "Old Soldier's Ninth," 2s. 6d.; Neuf (Oxford), 10d.; E. Cripps, 6s.; Mrs. Scingler, 2s.; Emil Neugeard, 3s.; Disabled Sussex, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Pett, 1s. 11d.; From 21758, 4d.; R. S. W. (Dover), 1s. 6d.; T. L. Skinner, 12s.; "Self Denial," 5s.; R. M. Beaufort Street, 2s.; "In Memory of Josephine," 5s.; "A Little Easter Offering," 10s.; F. E. G., 3s. 6d.; "Glasgow Tramcar," 5s.; J. S. W. (Aberdeen), 5s.; Optimist, 1s.; Sweeper, 1s.; B. (Frant), 2s. 6d.; "A Poor Woman," 1s. 7d.; Miss K. Gaiger, 1s.; Bagshaw-Intake, 9d.; Mrs. H. Stringer, 3s.; S. Pask, 9d.; Wm. Bun, 6d.; J. H. (H.M.S. Lucia), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Beverley, 6d.; S. Green (Quarterly Bob), 1s.; W. Y. Dow, 3s.; "H. B." (W.2), 1s.; J. N., 6d.; Mrs. W. Taylor, 4d.; "G. H. B." (Friston), 2s. 6d.; T. W. Hewitt, 3s.; W. Holmes, 2s. 6d.; J. Penton, 1s.; D. Taylor, parcel of clothes and 1s.; B. H. Norton, 2s. 6d.; "Unlucky Mollie," 1s. 1d.; E. K. R., 6d.; Verna, 5s.; "A Kinth," 7½d.; Batchy, 2s. 6d.; "Lion" (Bradford), 2s. 11d.; K. A. B., £1 10s.; S. J. H. Jones (Crewherne), 1s.; M. Treneerry, 3s. 6d.; "Tobias," 2s.; "Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; "Widow," 4s.; "Smash Apple," 1s.; A. Pevitt, 11d.; E. Ellis, £1 Parcel from Mrs. Clark, Brighton.

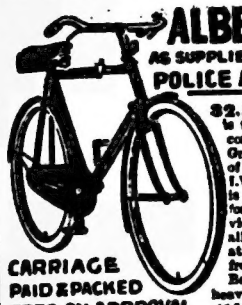
(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Don't say

"A packet of cigarette papers" It's too long. Say "A.G." Then you're *quite sure* of getting the best.

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS

The *BEST* the world produces.



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32,384 MILES to the amazing record of Mr. A. V. Green, a Postman of Carlisbrooke, I.W. The ALBERT is specially built for safety, strength, long service and reliability under all conditions. Now offered at amazingly low "direct-from-factory" prices. Beautifully enamelled and heavily plated. Guaranteed ALL-BRITISH throughout.

8/- MONTHLY

CARRIAGE PAID & PACKED FREE ON APPROVAL

Write for big FREE CATALOGUE.

HANDSOME BABY CARS. Built for Comfort and Health. All interior fittings sanitary and washable. Astounding direct-from-factory bargains. All models from 6/- monthly. Don't delay. Write for special list.

YEWDALL'S 188, FRONT FRANCIS ST. LEEDS.

Nerve Collapse

"Smiling" Billy Mason returns thanks for a really remarkable cure.

Mr. Billy Mason, writing from **4, Aubrey Road, Crouch End, London, N.8,** says:—"Some months ago I had a severe nervous breakdown. I seemed to have lost the last ounce of effective energy, and I could do nothing except with an effort. I am known professionally as 'Smiling' Billy Mason, and I had to keep that smile, but it wasn't easy. I was too weak for anything. I couldn't eat, and was just a bundle of nerves and weariness. Nothing I took did me any good, with the one splendid exception of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. When I got them everything changed, and now I am as fit again as the proverbial fiddle."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Wasting
Headache
Anæmia
Neuritis
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Neurasthenia
Nerve Pains
Palpitation
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness
Nervous Breakdown

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

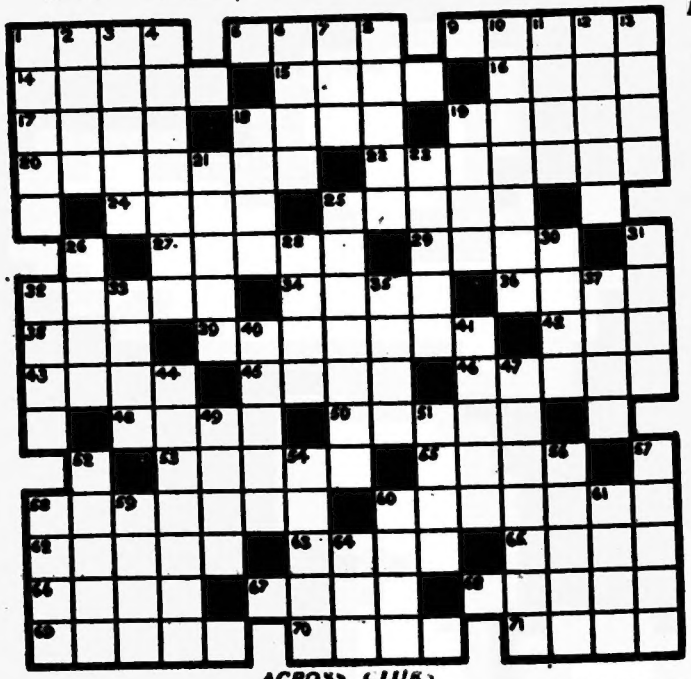
TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME *and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.*

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-. Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

A Half-hour Problem



ACROSS CLUES

1. Flat nail
5. A covenant.
9. Purgative drug.
14. Slander.
15. Conceited.
16. Hollow tube
17. A god.
18. A plant.
19. Separate.
20. Window protector.
22. Origin.
24. To weary.
25. Medicinal pod.
27. A carriage for one.
29. Lustrous mineral.
32. An assigned hare.
34. Dreadful.
36. Sensible.
38. Vessel.
39. Dress
42. A female deer
43. Width of a halfpenny.
45. Electrical units.
46. Lunatic.
48. Compass point.
50. Upper atmosphere.
53. Smallest quantity.
55. A semi-tropical plant.
58. Light.
60. Town in Hants.
62. To deprive of strength.
63. District in S. Africa.
65. A loud sound.
66. Luminous body.
67. Singly.
68. Concise.
69. A migratory tribe.
70. Closely confined.
71. For colouring.

DOWN CLUES

1. Blessedness.
2. Wealthy.
3. Near to.
4. Tooth doctor.
6. To declare.
7. Vehicle.
8. Dye.
10. Type of cases at law.
11. Limestone.
12. Month.
13. Favoured animals.
18. Eat.
19. Indian coin.
21. To step.
23. Go in.
25. A small piece.
26. Consume by fire.
28. First man.
30. Magistrate.
31. Proper
32. A jest.
33. A single instance.
35. Sleep.
37. Midday.
40. A cape.
41. To produce.
44. A rope to work sails.
47. Dispirited.
49. Irish name.
51. A workman
52. A cabal.
54. To sharpen.
56. All.
57. Earnest money.
58. A shrub.
59. Khayyam's first name.
60. Soon.
61. Rest
64. A beverage.

The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 39.

LAST WEEK! "BULLETS" 600TH OFFER LAST WEEK!

£2,000

1st Prize

2nd Prize £250

3rd Prize £100

4th Prize £50

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

5th Prize £25

100 Prizes of £1

200 Prizes of 5/- 12,000 TARGET PRIZES 1,000 Prizes of 2/6

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 596.

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:

Mrs. S. E. GARDNER, 18, Winslow Road, Hammersmith, London, W.

Example:—WHAT is JUSTICE?
Bullet:—GENERALLY "ROUGH" WITHOUT "READY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. A. CART WRIGHT, 8, Stechale Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.

Example:—JUST LIKE HER
Bullet:—MARTYR TO LOOK SMARTER.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. H. MAJOR, 3/6, West Hill Cottage, Harrow, Middlesex.

Example:—THE CUP
Bullet:—"LIFTED"—"HERE'S TO CRICKET!"

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. R. WHITELEY, 61, Quarry Lane Top, Rippondon, Nr. Guiseley.

Example:—OUR RIGHT
Bullet:—HOMES—HEROES OF NOT.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. G. BULLOCK, Station Villa, Old Snydale, Nr. Pontefract.

Example:—LOCARNO SPIRIT
Bullet:—"ANAESTHETIC" TO "AMPUTATE ARMS."

5 PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

T. A. DOBSON, 141, Francis Street, Hull.
OUR RIGHT—SOMETHING *Off* THE BOTTLE.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. HODGSON, Over Kellet, Carnforth.
HE FONDLE—UMBRELLA OFTEN—PARACHUTE, ONCE.

S. R. HOPTON, 23, Sea View, Sudbrook, Nr. Chepstow, Mon.
SURPRISING—HOW HUMOUR SIMPLIFIES POLITICS.

Miss J. N. SUTHERLAND, 123, N. Frederick Street, Glasgow.
LOCARNO SPIRIT—MILITATES AGAINST THE MILITANTS.

R. M. WHITTET, 10, Caversham Road, West Green, London, N.
A BIG SLICE—TELLS URCHIN IT'S DINNER.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

J. ALSTON, 23, Starbank Road, Trinity, Edinburgh.
JUST LIKE HER—REASON MUSSOLINI'S ALIVE.

N. BOOTH, 42, St. Paul Street, Islington, N.
WASTED—BREATH—MISSUS SMELLS IT.

O. DAVIES, 40, Ash Grove, Shotton, Chester.
GETTING MIXED—WIRELESS ENTHUSIAST ON TELEPHONE.

Miss J. DICKES, 14, King Square, Bristol.
CASH ON DELIVERY—JOCK WANTED TELEGRAM SENT.

A. A. GILBERT, 27, Caulfield Road, East Ham, E.
THE CUP—IN ASH-TRAY—WIFE'S SARCASM.

C. HILL, 102, Chapel Street, Wath-on-Dearne, Nr. Rotherham.
JUST LIKE HER—FLIRTING—I'M UNDERNEATH CAR.

W. D. LEWIS, 30, Gnoll Road, Godrergraig, Swansea Valley.
MY SHARE—OF MY LIFE, SMALLEST.

W. TAYLOR, 517, Shields Road, Walker Gate, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
JUST LIKE HER—SHOWED *Landlord* BABY'S PHOTOGRAPH.

A. McKERWICK, 75, Cotteham Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
TAUGHT ME SOMETHING—*Hand* OF MY FATHER'S.

T. WILSON, 4, Abbey Grove, Eccles, Manchester.
DRIVES ME MAD—WIFE'S "BRIDGE"—MY "TOLL."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each.

R. J. DONOVAN, 78, Bede Road, Canton, Cardiff.
A HASH—RELICS OF THE *Repast*.

C. N. EDGE, 121, Elm Grove Road, Barnes Common, London, S.W.
MAKES BABY LAUGH—GROWN-UP'S ATTEMPT TO TALK.

G. HARRIS, Adel Villa, Linden Road, Gloucester.
A HASH—NEWLYWEDS' JOINT *Before* MONDAY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

I. R. LEWIS, Lita, Collingwood Road, Paignton.
NEW HOUSE—TAKEN—GRANNIE SENT ANIMA-CASSARS.

G. OLDHAM, Ilston Grove, Attenborough, Notts.
SURE TO SUCCEED—REMOVE COAT, THEN CLOCK.

(Continued on page 6.)

Address Coupons to "Bullets," No. 600, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(600) Pub. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 41. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 1d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(600) Pub. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 41. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(600) Pub. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 41. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(600) Pub. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 41. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

POST EARLY! You can assist us by posting your entry a few days before the closing date, Thursday May 6.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the *Examples* printed, then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Examples* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—BRITANNIA; *Bullet*:—LOOKING OVERSEAS — OVERLOOKING LAND. *Example*:—WITHOUT A WORD; *Bullet*:—AS MISERABLE AS "WORDS." *Example*:—IDEAL HOME; *Bullet*:—EVERYTHING NEW—EXCEPT WOMAN.

Send postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used—see Rules on page 41.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 600.

THE UNION JACK
BRITISH WORKMAN
WHAT WINSTON WANTS
THE AUSTRALIANS
OVER THE GOALS
OUR TRADE
MAKES ME SMILE
HEARD ABROAD
PEACE OR WAR
NEW MAN
SELDOM
ARMY OF OFFICIALS
ECONOMY AXE
COMING
THE CAT
MONEY TO BURN
SAID TO THE FLAPPER
PAYING TAX
FOOL'S GAME
IDEAL
FOR OR AGAINST
EMPTY CHAIR
WHAT SHE SINGS
TRYING
REGRETTED LATER
SHOWED HE WAS DRUNK
IN HOSPITAL
SWEETHEARTS
MODERN WAY
SHOULD BE BROADCAST
WEDDING-BELLS
HER DRESS
WHAT THE NEIGHBOUR SAID
THE LEAGUE
RUDELY
STRIKE WEAPON
FOR FATHER
OPPORTUNITY'S DOOR
THE PUBLIC
WHAT IS A JOB?

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES. With or without Cork Tips

Light it — and — like it!

PLAYER'S

10 for 6D

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Medium Strength

20 for 11½D

Player's

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